FAMOUS NEGRO SERMONS

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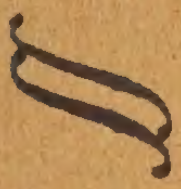
BY

FRENCH E. OLIVER, D.D.



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INTRODUCTION

The connection between the Negro Spiritual Melodies and the sermons preached by the old-time Negro preachers has never been realized by the people of this generation. Some of us who have heard the sermons and the soul-thrilling songs know that the singing was at its greatest fervor when the preacher had stirred the souls of his hearers with the vital message of simple faith. The Negro preachers of the other generations have had no place in the hearts of the people of today, because they have been led to think of them as loud voiced ignoramuses who perverted all Scriptures, and made terrible blunders, with no redeeming features. Permit me to say something on the subject.

I feel that the sermons of those

grand old men should have their inning, and that the Negro people should be as proud of those sermons as they are of their marvelously beautiful camp-meeting melodies.

Finding that there has been no effort made to present the evidences of the rare genius of the Negro preachers of the plantations and cities of the South, I showed some of the sermons to internationally famous ministers, professors in universities and platform celebrities who literally commanded me to give the results of my labors to the public. I have endeavored to keep the "sweep of conquest" in full view in connecting these messages with their original texts; while smoothing out some wrinkles. No doubt I have made mistakes, but the purpose is to let the people know that the sermons were and are just as inspiring as the songs.

Some words were fearfully and wonderfully made by those wonderful orators, but they could interpret the deepest emotions of their hearers and lift their audiences out of their seats in reaching some climax of faith.

The loyal American Negroes have given to our Country a wonderful contribution of soul-stirring songs and heart-searching sermons, and they should be proud of the marvelous faith and eloquent defense of their doctrines presented by their progenitors. Because they had real living faith, they were given "songs in the night" in the dark days of slavery.

These messages should be read with an open Bible at hand so every reference can be seen in the preacher's vision.

FRENCH E. OLIVER.

CHAPTER I

"Frow Down Jezybell."

2 Kings 9:30-37.

Ma brudren an' sistern; Ma tex dun say dat Jezybell painted huh face, reti'ed huh haid, killed de profits ob de Lawd, an' look outen de window. Dem solum wo'ds 'brev-iakes de 'hole hist'ry ob de debil's pet chile—Jezybell, de wife ob Ahab —who wuz de meazlies' king dat ebah spread mo'al eckzemy an' speri-tule small-pox obah de pius lan' ob Palestime. Ol' Mistah Ahab sho tuck de debil's avvice w'en he lef' all de pius bewties ob Zion an' made a elopage into Zidony an' fotch dat triflin' low-down Jezybell back as his wife; an' she dun tote hund'eds of fat lazy priesties ob de debil back wid huh, an' dey spread pizen ivy,

an' speritule colary-mogus all fru de geogafy ob Zion. Ma brudren; Ef de chilluns ob de Lawd wuz as zelus ob good wo'ks as de debil's breed am ob makin' a debauchment ob all de saints dey kin contaminake—dis ol' worl' wo'd be full ob ripe saints by dis time—instid ob haff-bake Ephriamikes dat brings all de pollutements ob de hypocrits into de camp ob de Lawd.

Well, Ma brudren an sistern; dis Jezybell dun git mad at de Lawd's profit 'Lygy; an' 'clar to goodness dat she am a-gwine to fix him fur de grabe-ya'd; an' he heah de bad news ob huh peevishment an' he say; "Ez fo' me an' fo' ma house, we will hit de grit!" So he take to de brash, an' he rotake his feets so frequently on de groun' dat de sarvants ob ol' Jezybell 'speck dey sees a whirl-win' a-sweepin' fru de desert; an' w'en ol' Lygy git to de en' ob de trail he

lokate all de junipah trees in dat county, an' file a claim on dem, an' den he crawl undah one, an' pant lak a red lizza'd on a log in de summah-time. He sot dar ontell sleep crope up his 'natomy an' he lay down an' fall into a deep sleep; an' soon he heahs de tinkle ob golding bells, an' de singin' ob de Bright Angel Ban', an' he smell de mos' salubul cookments dat he has ebah a'tickulated; an' jes as he opun his eyes he see a flock ob angels wid apu'ns on a-gittin his dinnah; an' one ob de angels say; "Arose an' eat, 'kase yo' all sho runned a long ju'ney." Well ma brudren, he riz up an' et dat angel feed, an' go fo'ty days an' nights on de fisikal dynamike dat wuz habus-co'pussed into dat feed. Oh Lawd, sen' me angel feed any time ob de day or nite! Dem pius angels fix up a passel fur de profit to drink; an' Ah wondahs to dis day

w'at dey gibes him in dat cup? Paul say to Timofy; "Drink no mo' longah watah." Ah don' kno' w'at dat 'longah watah' am ma brudren; but Ah kno's dat dem angels nebah gib none ob dat decoxshun to de profit ob de Lawd. It mus' hab bin de heabenly necktah dat putt de rousements ob salvashun in de sole, an' de 'sploshun ob zeal an' vigah into de fisikal 'natomy. David he say de Lawd take him by de 'still watahs': now dar yo' is ma brudren; De Lawd hab a still sumwhah dat he make de watah ob life in, an' dat mus' hab bin w'at dem angels pass to de profit ob de Lawd in dat junipah grove.

Brudren an' sistern; dat low-down Jezybell wuz a mi'ty pow'ful chile ob ol' Bellzybug. Mistah Nabob he had a vineya'd nex' do' to de paliss, an' Ahab he covick dat lan', an' try to trade, buy an' steal it; but Nabob

say: "De Lawd fo'bid dat Ah gib de 'heritance ob ma pappy to yo' all, dat triflin glutton Mistah Esaw dun sell his plantashun fur a pot ob cabbage, but Ah dun feels dat Ah mus' honah ma ancestahs, an' Ahab am no ancestah ob mine—he aint a step-chile ob mine." Ahab he go home an' pout lak a billious chile, an' refuse to eat de hocake an' lasses dat de sarvants pass aroun'; so ol' Miss Jezybell watch him pout a few poutments an' she sirgashuake up to him an' say: "Po' Ahab; what mizery dun abstrack de joy frum yo' gallduck?" Ahab say: "Jezzy, dat triflin' Mistah Nabob wont sell, trade, or let me steal dat plantashun ob hisn nex' do' to de paliss, an' Ah feels delabricated; an' a pow'ful insulkment am a pressin' de madness ob ma constitushun to de bilin' p'int, an' Ah wants no possum or sweet

tatahs while Ah feels dis sprain on ma tempah." Ol' Jezybell say: "Who am king ob dis lan' ob Palestime? Ah will abstrack dat vinya'd frum Nabob." So dat mangy Jezybell git reprobakes an' chilluns ob Beliyall to lie about po' Nabob, an' dey takes him out an' stones him 'clar dead. Dar yo' is brudren; dat pet ob ol' Bellzybug a-killin' de Lawds chilluns in Zion, an' de she'iff an' chief ob poleece out dar in de liv'ry stable a shootin' craps an' a drinkin' white-mewl likkah; an' Jezybell a-lookin' pius on Sunday wid nine hund'ed lazy priesties a followin' huh aroun' de paliss, an' a-spreadin' mo'al yallah-febah all fru Zion! Bless de Lawd de Profit 'Lygy make a slayment ob one hun'ded an' eighty-five thousan' ob dem befo' ol' Mistah Seenackerib cou'd eliminake dem frum de Red Sea; an' Miriam dun sing:

"Sing ye to de Lawd, fo' He dun
triumped glorussly,
De hoss an' de ridah He frowed into
de sea."

Well brudren, dat sly Ahab crope out into dat fiel' dat po' Nabob once own, an' dar he run into de Lawds profit Lygy; an' Ahab dun had cramp-colic ob de conshunce; an' say: "Hab yo' dun foun' me, Oh ma enemy?" An' de Lawds profit say: "Ah sho has foun' yo' all; an' in de same place whah de dogs lick up de blood ob Nabob, dar will dey lick up yo' pizen blood; an' dem dogs will eat up dat bloody Jezybell by de wall ob Jezreel, an' dey will git colary-mo-gus, an' hyderfoby de minit dey eats dat pizen chile ob ol' Bellzy-bug!" Ol' Ahab wawk back to de paliss wid a jubuss feelin' in de tin-panick ob de sole; an' dar wuz two co'pses a lookin' him straight in de face—one wuz hisse'f, an' de othah

wuz Jezybell; an' he nebah seed anuddah day ob joy no mo'; an' de nights wuz full ob ha'nts, gosties, dogs a-gnawin' Jezybells bones an' a-lickin' up de pizen blood ob Ahab in de plantashun ob Nabob nex' do' to de paliss. Brudren, it am a fea'ful fing to fall into de han's ob de livin' God! Oh sinnah whah yo' all a-gwine? Will de dogs ob hell gnaw yo' bones all fru de midnight gloom ob eturnity? Ef ol' Bellzybug sick dem mad-dogs ob hisn on yo' all, will dey lick yo' blood in de fiell's ob agony an' to'ment—whah dar am weepin' an' wailin' an' gnashin' ob teef? Heah me, sinnah, while Ah lubrikates de Scriptuah!

Ol' Miss Jezybell wuz a-sottin' up dar in de paliss a-lookin' out, an' dar cum Jehu wid de lightnin' ob jedgment in his eyes, an' de Lawds deaf-warran' in his han's. Jezybell kno' about de slayments dat Jehu had dun

prefo'med; an' she say: "Had Zimri peace who slewed his massa?" Jehu say:

"Who am on ma side?" Two or free Ewnocks look outen de window an' Jehu say: "Frow down Jezebell!" an' dey picks huh up, an' frows huh down, an' w'en she strack dem cobble stones she splash lak a ripe millon, an' bleed blood all obah de hosses hoofs an' de wall ob de paliss. Jehu he go into de paliss an' o'dah his dinnah, an' dey feeds him; an' den he say: "Go out now an' bury dat Jezybell, an' dat am 'kase she am a kings dawtah." So dey goes out an' fin' huh skull an' de pamms ob huh feets an' han's—fo' de dogs dun obey de wo'ds ob de Profit ob de Lawd an' et up dat profit killin' chile ob ol' Bellzybug. Dar dem Ewnocks picks up seben baskets ob fragments ob ol' Jezybell, an' whose wife will

she be in de resurreckshun ob de chilluns ob de debil?

Oh Lawd sen' us a passel ob Jehus to frow down Jezybell in dese days w'en de Chu'ch ob God am betrayed into de han's ob sinnahs in de pullpits an de pews. De Jezybells ob worl'liness, dancin', cussin', crapshootin', an' stealin' chickens. Frow down Jezybell. Let de jedgment hosses tromp all de debils chilluns outen de pullpits an' pews an' make de Chu'ch a light in dis da'k worl'. Brudren; dar am infidells in de pullpits in dese days; a-preachin' all de debauchments of de debil; denyin' de Lawd dat bought dem, denyin' de Holy Bible, denyin' de powah ob de blood ob de Lam ob God, denyin' dat de Lawd make man in His own emage an' subscripshun, denyin' dat dar am a hell fur de debil's breed or a heaben fur de Lawds saints, denyin' dat Jesus prefo'med dem meracles,

denyin' dat de 'postle Paul wuz bo'ned agin' on de road to Demaskuss. W'en de mewl stop to kick he aint pullin' a ounce. We'n dese brainless bipeds stan's in de pullpits an' kicks an' growls at de blessed Lawd dey aint pullin' one single sinnah outen de slime an' mud; but dey am holpin' de debil to pizen an' damn millions! Frow down Jezybell, as ma tex' dun procklamake. Ef dar am any he-jezybells in de pullpits ob dis town, Ah subscribes de mandake dat yo' all sen dem der resignashuns an' frow down Jezybell! Ef de dekons gits to shootin' craps an' stealin' chickens, frow down Jezybell. Kin yo' all put speritule fatness on yo' soles ef yo' feeds on de rat-biskits ob de in-fidells in de pull-pits? Ef yo' frow down Jezybell we kin rise an' shine an' see de glory ob de Lawd in Zion, an' sinnahs will be saved. Frow down Jezybell w'en de cake-wawk am

mo' preshuss dan de pray'r-meetin'. Frow down Jezybell when de chicken roos' am mo' envitin' dan de Chu'ch ob de libin' God. Frow down Jezybell w'en Petah deny his Lawd. Frow down Jezybell w'en he cuss about it. Frow down Jezybell w'en Judas kiss de blessed Lawd. Frow down Jezybell, de money dun bu'n a hole fru de sole ob Judas, an' he frow dat hot sole-bu'nin' money down in de temple. Frow down Jezybell w'en Samson play de fool, an' git his wool clipped frum his haid. Frow down Jezybell, Abraham am a-chasin' dem sogers dat tooken po' Lot an' all his chilluns. Frow down Jezybell, Lot am tol' to git up an' fly an' make a-scapement fur his life; kase jedgment day dun cum for Sodom. Frow down Jezybell, Lots wife am a-lookin' back. Frow down Jezybell, Pharow dun fill de paliss full ob bull-frogs. Frow down Jezybell, de chilluns of

Izrale am a-wadin' fru de Red Sea. Frow down Jezybell, de 'postle Paul say to Alexandah de copppah-smif—"Whose subscripshun am dis?" Frow down Jezybell, Belshazzah say to Pilate: "Ah fin' no fault in dis Man." Frow down Jezybell, John de Baptis' say to Dathum an' Abirum; "Who am on de Lawds side?"

Brudren, seek de Lawd; git religin' an' git it right. Ramify yo' soles wid salvashun, an bewtify yo' homes wid de grace ob God, an' cas' not yo' pea'ls befo' swines; and' frow down Jezybell — *frow down Jezybell* — FROW DOWN JEZYBELL!"

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CHAPTER II

"De Lawd Am No Respeck'able Pussun."

Acts 10:34.

Ma tex' fo' dis ockashun am foun' in de Book ob Acks, jes' lak a mi'ty lot ob othah texes am foun'. An' de singulashun ob dis tex' am dat it shows dat de mo'al cha'actah am fur mo' bettah dan all dis respeck'ability dat yo' all kin' fin' 'mong de ongodly White-fo'ks: an' de triflin shiflus Niggahs dat wants to make us feel dat dey am de kings ob de soshul suckles.

Ma tex' dun gib me a pow'ful 'sprize! Ah jes' natchally feel dat de Lawd am a pow'ful respeck'able pusson—but when Ah heahs ol'

Unkel John Jaspah preach dat "de Lawd am no respeck'able pusson" Ah makes de diskiv'ry dat Ah don' kno' de meanin' ob de wo'd respeck'able! Dis wo'd mus' hab de meanin' ob pride, an' sassiness, an' vaneness, an' pompness, an' bragness an' a lot ob natchel meanness! Now ma brudren: yo' all kin' see as Ah lubricates dis tex' dat de Lawd, onlike po' sinin' humanity—am not 'pendin' on de blowin' ob de brass ban's an respeck'ability. De Lawd am holy—de Lawd am full ob glory, majesty, powah, goodness, grace an' lovin'-kin'ness! He speaks His voice an' de sun dun jump out into de sky an' frows light on' de wings ob de maw'nin'; *(Gen. 1:3, 14, 17.)* He speaks in a whispah an' de sky dun spa'kles wid millons ob de glittahin' sta's by night! He gives de comman' an' ol' Lucifah dun tu'ns

summahsets lak de zigzag lightnin' a fallin' fru de fummament! *(Isa. 14:12-15.)* He shakes His fis' an' de whol' worl' gits dizzy, an' earfquakes growl an' roah; an' de ol' worl' dun squirm lak' a chile wid de collick! *(Isa. 24:1-23.)* He spreads His pa'm—an' de seas gits ca'm, an' de ribahs goes to sleep! He stomps His feets an' de mountings skips lak rams, an' de lil' hills lak lam's! Hallelujah! He shet His eyes, an da'kness mak's de univuss shivah wid de feah ob gloom! He snap His fingahs an' cyclomes jumps outen de sto'mstables an' gallups fru de air lak skeered hosses down de lane! *(Job 38:1-41.)* He smoles smiles, an' de sky am flooded wid a million rainbows playin' hide an' seek in de clouds! He frowns, an' de ol' debil shuddahs, *(Ex. 20:18-19)* an' hell shakes cl'ar to de bottom— an' sinnahs what has

de sense dey is bo'ned wid draps on der knees an' cries: "Oh Lawd, spar' a po' sinnah lak me!" *(Lk. 18.:13)* He wawks fru de sky; an' de perfessahs all says: "De Roarin'-Borealis dun busted!" He looks at de fiel's an' de craps cum out ob de groun' to see His glory! He looks at de fores' an' de trees laff 'tel dey shake der leaves! He looks at de ga'dens an' de flowahs blushes er tu'n pale; er white as snow in His presence! He looks at de birds an' dey sings all de hallelujahs dey kno's! He looks at de mewl an' dat pesky crittah git so proud an' tries so ha'd to be respeck'able; dat he 'sassinates melody, maims ha'mony, pizens all de locomoshuns ob music—an' brays lak a fool! Ef de Lawd shets up de mussy ob His hea't den de smallpox, yallowfebah an' de asia-actin'-collary dun stalks fo'th, an' millions ob proud,

respeck'able sinnahs curls up an' dies lak grub wo'ms!

Oh ma brudren! How we needs to put on humbelness lak a ga'ment an' sack-cloth an' ashes an git mi'ty low befo' de Lawd! *(Lk. 18:14.)* Ef we says: "We sho is respeck'able pussons; an' we has blue-blood a-gallopin' fru our 'natomies"—sum ob de chilluns makes a 'lopement wid sum shiflus ta'-runnin' va'mint frum de tu'kentime wo'ks in de piney woods; er fresh frum de chain-gang; an' all de respeck'ability jes' oozes out lak de jooce frum de bung-hole ob a plugged watah-millin!

Brudren: de Lawd am not a lookin' fur respeck'ability, but fur piusness, purity an' godliness in yo' homes an hea'ts! *(Matt. 5:8.)* Respeck'ableness mout be put on lak a coat, an' los' in de night! De ga'ments ob salvashun am fiah-proof,

sin-proof an' hell-proof when de saints steps into de charyut ob de Lawd an' sails away to glory! *(Jn. 10:28.)* Oh Lawd gib me de robe ob de saint! Gib me de clean hea't, an' de right sperit! *(Ps. 51:10.)* Let ma las' en' be lak de righteous man, *(Ps. 37:37)* an' ma hea't full ob de blessin' ob de Lawd! Respeck'ability kin put on sto' clo's dat aint paid fur: an' ef sum ob de respeck'able pussuns in dis house ob God had all de ga'ments dey aint paid fur suddently evaporated frum der fisikal 'natomies—dey wou'd demurge frum heah wid a pair ob socks—an' a selluloid collah on! Oh ma brudren; git abuv de low an' slimy road ob common respeck'ableness, an' climb up de way ob life! *(Ps. 1.)* De saints ob de Lawd dun clumb dat road. Paul wuz at de end ob dat shinin' way, an' he say: "Ah has fit a good fight,

Ah has finished ma cou'se: Ah has kep' de faif!" *(2 Tim. 4:1-10.)* Now de 'Postle say no wo'ds about gittin' to Heaven kase he am respeck'able! He kno' de way to Heaben am by de Cross! Sum po' dyin' sinnahs am too respeck'able to pray, to repent, to be clean, to be hones: Ef all de chickens dat has bin tookin' in de night by respeck'able sinnahs cou'd orate de names ob dem sinnahs—den sum sinnahs wou'd drap all der respeck'ableness in de daylight, jes' as dey lays it aside in de da'kness ob de night when dey amputakes de fowls frum de roos' befo' de bull-dog make a 'tachment on de britches sumwhah! Oh dese respeck'able 'retches dat pizens de gals wid all der sweet lies an' den gits dem to make a 'lopement, an' den runs off an' leabes dem to der mizery an' sorrow wid lil' chilluns to feed an' perteck!

DE LAWD AM NO RESPECK'ABLE PUSSUN

De jails am full ob respeck'able pussons; de chain-gang am growin' emla'ged by respeck'able pussons! *(Prov. 28:13.)* An' Ah kno's a lot respeck'able pussons white an' black dat dun got hung! Ef yo' gits into de cou't befo' de jedge an' say: "Oh jedge Ah sho is respeck'able." Dat jedge am agwine to say: "Ninety-nine yea's fur dat triflin' rascal," but ef yo' all say, "Oh jedge Ah is a po' feeble sinnah, an Ah is wantin' de mussy ob dis cou't," de jedge mout say: "*Payroll* dis po' sinnah an' sen' sum bacum to his fambly—he mus' hab tooken lessuns frum sum respeck'able sinnahs, er he nebah wou'd hab bin 'tangulated wid dis crime." De respeck'able rascal robs de banks, robs de widows, steals frum de chilluns, runs de dances, am commandah ob de cake-wawks—ef he am a Niggah—an' mout break into cong'ess

—ef he am a White pusson! Brudren an' sistern: it am danges' to trus' bein' respeck'able! Be hones: be true, be good, be pi'us, be clean, be puah in hea't; take back de wash tub an' de lawn-mowah—ef yo' all borrows dem frum yo' naybo' in de daylight; an' don' borrow dem in de night! Hell am full ob respeck'able pussons; an' Heaben am de home ob de po' humbel saints dat tramples pride in de dus'; an' kicks vainness outen de back do', an' chases pompness offen de plantashun! *(2 Cor. 6:17-18.)* De Lawd sho' lif' up de humbel an' He cas' down de proud! Brudren, de Lawd made Joseph to rize outen dat ol' jail down in Egyp' an' fluctuate into de charyut ob ol' Mistah Pharow! Ol' Miss Pottifuh wuz pow'ful respeck'ble; but she wuz as low down as de rattle-snake, an' Ah wants to stan' by de side ob

Joseph instid ob by de rattle-snake. Dar wuz ol' Mistah Judas dat riz up an' sell his soul fur thu'ty pieces ob silvah. *(Jn. 13:21-30.)* He feel dat he wuz a gittin' in high sassiety when dem scribes an' phariseez ax him to betray ou' blessed Lawd. Judas dun feel dat he wuz too respeck'able to soshiake wid de 'Postles an' de Lawd—but he slid down de road to perdishun an' when de fiah bu'n too hot in his soul, he grabs a rope an' dun lynched hisse'f! *(Matt. 27:3-5.)* Ef Judas had only had as much pi'usness an' salvashun as he had respeck'ableness we mout read in de New Testament sumwhah—"De Gospil Accordin' to Saint Judas." Oh brudren how much he missed!

De Lawd dun say: "Ma'k de puffeck man, an' behol' de upright fur de en' ob dat man am peace!" *(Ps. 37:37.)*

Will you all be upright er respeck'able? Ez fur me an' ma house we will be upright by de Lawds powah!"

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CHAPTER III

"WHIP YO' CHILLUNS."

Prov. 23:13-14.

Brudren an' sistern: Dar am a passel ob ramstewgus chilluns aroun' dis town dat am de produck ob mi'ty shoddy pappys an' mammys. Ef de chile am lowdown an' shif'lus—de mammy say: "Dat chile am sho lak his pappys fambly," but ef he am sha'p an' clevah, an la'ns fas' in de skool-room de mammy say: "Dat chile am sho lak ma fambly."

Now brudren de Good Book dun say de wo'ds ob truf an' sobe'ment about raisin' chilluns. De wise man Solomon dun exklamate:

> "Wif-hol' not kareckshun frum de chile: Ef yo' beats him wid de rod—he wont die. *(Prov. 23: 13-14.)*

"WHIP YO' CHILLUNS"

Yo' all mus' beat him wid de rod, an' delivah his soul frum hell."

Now brudren, Ah 'speck Adam spar' de rod an' sp'ile Cain, kase dat triflin' rascal git mad an' kill his pius bruddah Abel. *(Gen. 4:8.)* Ef yo' all fails to git de ten comman'ments into de haid an' hea't ob de chile; den vacksinake dem into his hide wid a hick'ry lim'! *(Prov. 22:15.)* Dat am de preachment ob dis tex'! Ef yo' 'gwine to delivah dat chile frum hell—use dat rod wid freedum an' ambishun! 'Sposen Abraham had let po' lil' Issac run aroun' by night an' steal chickens, ducks an' geese, an' git his nose an' ea's fros-bit, an' chillbrains on his cha'actah; Abraham wou'd hab bin a mi'ty po' deakon in de chu'ch ob God in de wilde'ness—ef he had 'lowd sum pow'ful mizery to disrup de mo'al gall-duck ob dat chile. De

Lawd dun say dat he kno' dat man Abraham—dat he or'dah his house a'tah him; an' ef dey don't follah dem o'dahs, he mout sprout blistahs on der hides wid de rod—he sho' gwine to delivah dem chilluns frum hell. *(Gen. 18:19.)*

Dar wuz King David, he got mi'ty keehless, an' Absalum riz up an' fo'mulate seck a rukuss, dat David he run frum de paliss an' take to de brash; an' all de debil's chilluns jine Absolum an' try to ruin King David. *(2 Sam. 15:12-37.)* Ol' Mistah Shimei dun cuss David as he goes along de trail. *(2 Sam. 16:5-14.)* Now ef David had used dat rod an' made Absalum stay home frum dem dances an' cakewawks an' sich carousements—he mout hab bin one ob dem wisemen dat holp Moses bring dem chilluns ob Israle fru de Red Sea. King David wuz a mi'ty bad sinnah at one time in his life, but he had

sense enuff to git to de mo'nah's bench an' git cleaned up. He mout hab bin playin' de ha'p er de pizel-tree too much. Ef he had played on Absalum's 'natomy wid dat rod mo' frequent he wou'd hab sabed his chile frum rebellun an' hell at las', as ma tex' dun proklamate.

Ef all de chilluns don't git religin how kin yo' all git into de City ob God? Sumbody sho' a-gwine to be missin' frum dat fambly sarkle. De Lawd dun summonake all de family into de ahk ob salvashun. *(Gen. 7:1.)*

Dar wuz de pappy ob dat Judas Iscarion. He sho' spar' de rod an' make a spilement ob dat chile. What a shame he did not chase him outen de house wid dat rod so he mout git fros'-bit, an' hab chills, meazles, mumps, malary an' eckzemy coagulate his system so he mout git bed-fas' an' den he cou'd larn de feah ob de Lawd, an' not go ruminatin' aroun'

in de night a-stealin', cussin', an' carousin' wid all de sinnahs an' hypocrites in Zion. Dat meazly Judas wou'd be bettah off ef he had demized befo' he wuz bo'ned. *(Matt. 23:33)*

Dar wuz ol' Mistah Manoah de pappy ob Samson, *(Judg. 13:1:25)* he fo'git to take de hide offen dat man when he wuz a chile—kase ef he had beat religin into his speritule 'natomy he wou'd not hab messed aroun' ol' Miss Delylie, but mout hab ma'ied one ob de Lawds chilluns. Dat man needed his cha'actah braced up wid de rod. Ef yo' all fails to use dat rod, yo' am a sendin out a candydate fur de jail er de chain-gang; when dat boy fusses at his mammy an' tawk mean to his pappy. We mus' bumba'd de chilluns wid de law, de Gospil an' de rod, so de Good Book say; ef we wants to save dem frum hell! *(Prov. 22:6.)* De chilluns all obah dis Newnited States am a-gittin' full ob

de debil. Many ob dem am too lazy to wo'k; so dey steals. *(2 Tim. 3:1-4.)* Many mo' wants to run aroun' all night lak va'mints, an' sleep all day. Dey needs de rod applied to der reah-hibiliments, so fas' an' feroshus dat dey will hab all dis debilment tooken outen der haids. Many ob dem hates de pius saints an' dey seeks out de debil's own pets an' dey raises sech a rukuss dat ol' Bellzybug smoles wicked smiles—'kase he kno' dat he dun pizen dem chilluns an' de trail am dun greezed all de way to hell—an' dey is a makin' fas' time down dat trail. Ef dey tries to stop dey am a-runnin' so fas' dat dey slides de res' of de way.

Dar wuz de pappy ob dat prodigal son. *(Lk. 15:11-32.)* He spar' de rod an' dat chile git so ramstewgus dat he say dat de ol' home wuz not fas' enuff fo' his pace. He say he am tired ob de hosses an' mewls on de plantashun

—he want fo' zebrays to pull his buggy an' he want fo' polar bears fur watch-dogs, an' two liuns fur saddle-hosses. He say: "Bring me two rattle-snakes; an' fo' goose-eggs fur ma breakfas', an Ah 'speck Ah will eat de hime-ha'f ob a elefunt fur dinnah." He go to his po' ol' pappy an' git all de goods dat fall to his po'shun. He git a b'iled shirt—an' a silk hat dat wou'd hol' fo' gallums ob butte'milk; an' a obahcoat wid fo' rows ob buttons on it as big as sawsahs; den he ramble away frum de plantashun wid his pockets full ob money an' his haid full ob debilment. He go down to Je'iko an' fall amung theeves, an' dey robs an' beats him, an' leabes him ha'f daid by de side ob de road; an' a pries' cums down de road, *an' seein' dat he had dun bin robbed he pass by on de othah side!* When dat prodigal git up he crawl obah de fence into de ba'n-ya'd, an' wash his

face in de hoss-troff an' say to de ol' Massa ob de plantashun: "Ah los' ma obahcoat, an' my new suit, ma shirt; an' Ah dun cum to mase'f; an Ah perish wid hongah. *Ah will arise an' feed swine*, an' fill ma belly wid twelve baskets full ob husks dat dem swines did eat, an' Ah will arise an' gallop home to ma fambly, an' Ah will say to ma pappy: 'Ah is a *republicum* an' a sinnah, an' am no mo' fitten to be called yo' chile, make me lak one ob de sarvants,'" but dat ol' pappy bring out de fattes' caff, de fines' ob de wheat, de grapes ob Eskol, de figs, pomgranicks, leeks, ga'lick, onions, fish, millons, an' mandrakes an' go'ge de stummick ob dat chile 'tell he looze all de hongah ob de hog--pin—but dat eldah bruddah git his tempah sprained an' de madness dun ooze outen his soul, so he say: "Ah dun stayed at home an' do all de wo'k, an' Ah gits all de hick'ry

lim's on dis plantashun plectorated on ma back an' reah-hibiliments, an' Ah nebah has had any cake-wawk fur me—but yo' all gibes a big one fur dis lazy galoot dat cums home wid hog-brissels on his britches, an' mud on his haid." De ol' pappy say: "Son, yo' is ma fust bo'ned son—an' de will is dun made out, an' yo' gits all de plantashun, an' de money in de bank; dis po' chile dat wuz los', am foun'; an' de one dat wuz daid am alibe to us ag'in—le's have a good ol' fambly soshuble an' eat, drink an' be merry, 'kase dis trifin', loafin' prodigal dun cum back, an he will take seben baskets ob fragments tomorrow, an' go on his way rejoicin' an' may de Lawd hab me'cy on his soul."

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CHAPTER IV

De Heel Print.

Job 14:27.

Ma brudren an' sistern: Ah has bin led to one ob de skeerinest texes in all de Book ob God; It am dis:

"De Lawd dun sot a print on ma heels."

Ef Ah considahs de size ob de heels ob mos' cull'ed pussons—Ah am sho dat de Lawd kin track all ob us fru dis worl' frum de cradle to de grabe! Dese wo'ds takes away all de faults hopes ob de debil's chilluns dat dey kin run fru life, an' break de laws ob de Lawd; an' make a 'scapement frum de Jedgment Day—kase der tracks cou'd not be identikated. *(Job 34:21-22.)* De Lawd dun sot a print on yo' heels fur de 'spress pu'pose ob sarkemventin' yo' debilment bein'

'tached to sum odah pussun! *(Ps. 139:1-2.)* Yo' heel-print am jes' de same as yo' nose; er yo' eyes; er yo' han's; dey am yo' own—an' dey am not lak de heel print ob any odah pusson in all dis worl'. Dar yo' am wid a spessified heel-print sot up on yo' 'natomy; an' dar am no way dat yo' all kin run fas' enuff to drap dat identikashun. *(Rev. 20:11-15.)* De poleeçe dun makes a print ob de tips ob de fingahs now in all de big cities ob de worl'—so ol' Massa dun tell me. *(Isa. 5:18-24.)* But dis shows *dat de wisemen ob dis worl' am thousan's ob yea's behime de Lawd* in trackin' de lawless; kase de tex' dun stultikake de pride ob de debil's chilluns—by tellin' us dat de Lawd dun sot a print on de heels ob de human race befo' dey is bon'ed! Dar yo' is on de road to debilment, an' a-lookin' sly as a fox —an' a-feelin' sho dat no eyes am a-watchin' yo' all; but de Lawd laff

(Ps. 37:12-14) in His Home in de Glory—kase dem heel-prints dun segmentake all yo' tracks, *(Prov. 3:33)* an' yo' am tracked right into de dens ob sin,*(Prov. 7:6-27)* an' dar am no odah pusson who cou'd make dem tracks ef he try! Oh, sinnahs; does yo' all transmo'gify dese pow'ful condemments dat am a-fallin' on yo' stubbo'n pates? *(Prov. 14:16.)* Dem heels am a-gwine to foller yo' all to de Jedgment Day, an dar de Lawd will hab dem checkmated, an' den dar will be all de howlin', an' yellin' ob de wicked sinnahs dat played de fool in de lan' ob de libin'—by runnin' in de way dat leads to da'kness an' gloom! *(Prov. 16:18.)* Am yo' feets p'inted to de Holy City—er am dey p'inted to de City ob Doom? *(Prov. 16:25.)* Sh'ot heels er long heels; white heels er black heels; big heels er lil' heels; de Lawd dun sot a print on dem, an' dar am no use furgittin'

dat truf! *(Prov. 27:22.)* De fack am; dat heel-print am sot on dem heels befo' yo' all am bo'ned; de Lawd dun paragraff dem, an' keep a copy fur de Jedgment Day! *(Prov. 29:18.)* Den who am a-gwine to make a 'scapement frum dem heel-prints? *(Prov. 30:7-9.)* Ef yo' all runs side-ways er back-slides; ef yo' all runs frunt-wa'ds er anglin' de heel-prints am de same. *(Isa. 1:24-30.)* In de dus'; de mud; swimmin" in de watah; climbin' up a laddah; er fallin' fru de winder ob de chicken-house ef de bull-dog am too close fur comfo't; creepin'; crawlin'; laffin'; singin'; cryin'; prayin' er cussin'—dem heel-prints am right dar to hold yo' to yo' g'iltiness lak han'-cuffs on de han's ob de criminul as de poleece takes him to de jail! *(Isa. 1:5-6.)* Dem heel-prints dun capagastrake into de enflooences ob de Day ob Jedgment—no mattah how yo' all lies

about yo' sinnin'. All de Lawd need to say am: *"Stick up dem heels!" (Isa. 3:11.)* Ef de debil leads yo' all frum de way ob life an' salvashun down de broad road dat leads to mizery an' deaf an' destruchshun *(Isa. 8:19-22.)*—den Ah wants yo' all to lissen to de still small voice ob yo' conshunce yellin' an' howlin' an' shoutin' in yo' soul:

"Look out fur dem heel-prints!" (Isa. 10:1-4.)

Ef ol' Bellzybug say: "Ah kin fix de trail so dem tracks will nebah be seed"; use yo memorashun an' nebah furgit dat he am a liah an' de fathah ob lies! *(Jn. 8:44.)* Dar am no way to ampukake dem heel-prints frum yo' 'natomy. *(Isa. 13:4-11.)* Ef de train runs obah yo' all an' cuts off yo' feets ob de fisikal 'natomy den dar am lef' de feets ob de speritule 'natomy; *(1 Cor. 15:44)* an' dey makes tracks in de ramifunskshuns

ob de Jedgment Day—so de Lawd sho hab de drap on all ob dis race! Dar am no hidin' frum de Lawd. Oh dat Ah cou'd make de wa'nin' so pow'ful *dat yo' heels wou'd ake fur de res' ob dis day;* as yo' 'membahs all de crooked places yo' dun bin into—fur dem heels dun pe'colake into mi'ty jubuss places! *(Isa. 21:11-12.)* How kin yo' face de reco'ds ob dat day ef yo' feets am not in de narro' way dat leads to life an' hope? *(1 Cor. 10: 1-13.)*

Oh, dem heel-prints! Dem hypubolus heel-prints! *(Isa.22:12-14.)* De shoes on yo' feets nebah 'liminate dem heel-prints. Sunlight or moonlight; lamp-light er sta'light; rainbows er shaddahs dem heel-prints am de same yistidday, today, an' a million yea's frum today. Sum ob yo' sinnahs am a-gwine to say: Oh whah kin Ah scampah in all dis univuss whah Ah kin congeal dese heel-prints

frum de eyes ob de Lawd? *(Isa. 24: 1-13.)*

Ma brudren an' sistern: ef yo' all takes de wings ob de mawnin' an' flies fru de blue fummament ontell de blue dun tu'n to pu'kle er green; an' den yo' gits skeered an' run so fur into space dat de rainbows am as black as ta'; an' de Roarin'-Borealis am as mottled as de ol' mottled mewl; an' de sunlight am brown; an de moonlight am red; an' de sta's am lak a bottle in de smoke; den in dat grewsum place dem heel-prints will be a-shinin' lak burnish' brass—er glowin' gol'! *(Isa. 24:17-22.)* Sinnahs yo' all am in a mi'ty bad pu'dickament! Yo am on de debil's groun'; an' fillin' yo' souls full ob de pizen ob ol' Bellzybug, an' yo' heel-prints scatte'd all obah de naybahood—dem heels ob yourn am about de skeerines' fings a-hangin' to yo' fisikal 'natomy! *(Isa. 30:8-14.)* Sinnahs!

Ah dun tol' yo' to transmo'gify yo' souls outen de debil's lan'; kase he am a-gwine to fo-close dat mo-gage he has on yo' soul; *an' yo all dun sign it wid dem heels ob yourn! (Isa. 28:14-15.)*

Ah wants to disgo'ge dis truf so splendorodiously an' vigussly *(2 Tim. 4:1-5)* dat ef yo' all heahs sum pusson shout: *"Heels!"* on de da'kes' night—yo' will nebah stop runnin' ontell yo gits to dis mo'nahs bench an' 'vackuakes de sin outen yo' soul an' gits a scrubment *(Ps. 51)* frum de Lawd dat will take all de vilement outen yo' speritule 'natomy; an' make yo' fitten to rise up lak a berd ob pa'adise an' fly away to Glory ef de Lawd calls fur His own. *(1 Thess. 4:13-18.)* Am yo' heels p'inted to de City ob God er to de black abyss ob ol' Bellzybug? De broad road am dun su'veyed by de debil hisse'f; an' he dun polish de pavin' so ebery track

am a-shinin' lak a new dime; but whah do dat road termigate? *(Isa. 30:1.)*.. Ax yose'f dat queshun! What shall de en' be ob dem dat obeys not de Gospil ob God? *(1 Pet. 4:17.)*

Oh ma lissnahs; cum a-runnin' to dis place ob pra'r an' segmatize yo' feets frum de debil's 'lurements; an' prancigate de res' ob de jurney wid de saints on de King's Highway; fur de Bright Angel Ban' am a-cummin' mo' dan half way on de road to meet de saints an' dar dey will see dat no one am corrugated wid de elect 'cept dem dat am washed in de Blood ob de Lam'. Den run de race ob salvashun wid all yo' heel-prints clean-cut an' cla'r so all de naybo's an relashuns will spessify yo trackments on de journey. *(Thess. 5:12-23.)*

Den keep yo' heel-prints shinin'—
An' keep yo' am's a-twinin'—

DE HEEL PRINT

Roun' de blessed, blessed, blessed,
Tree ob life!
"DE LAWD DUN SOT A PRINT ON MA HEELS."

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CHAPTER V

Bo'ned in Zion!

Ps. 87:5

Ma brudren an' sistern: Dar am many peepuls dat am mi'ty proud ob whar dey wuz bo'ned. Sum wuz bo'ned in ol' Virginy, sum wuz bo'ned in Souf Ca'liny an' am a-runnin' aroun' a-braggin' about it. Sum wuz bo'ned on lan', an' sum on de sea; but cabin er paliss make no change in de cha'actah ob de pusson what wuz bo'ned. De chile ob God am proud to say, "Ah wuz bo'ned in Zion." Dat am de bo'nin' dat make de pusson hab his name in de Book ob Life up in Heaben. *(Heb. 12:22-24. Rev. 20:15.)* Kase bein' bo'ned in Zion means bein' bo'ned agin' *(Jn. 3:1-10)*: an' dis nullyfies an' ceceedes all de bein' bo'n in Kaintucky, Virginy er any ob

de othah places on dis earf. Ol' Bellzybug has thousan's ob chilluns dat wuz bo'ned up dar in Yankee lan'. But de chilluns ob de Lawd dun surrogate dat dey is bo'ned in Zion! *(Josh. 24:14-27.)* Ef a pusson kno's dat he is bo'ned in Zion dat am his home an' he feels dat he kin circus-nabigate all obah dat fair lan', an pick grapes ob Eskol, eat de fines' ob de wheat *(Deut. 32:13-14)* masti-gate de figs, assimblate de pum-granicks an' diges' de cakes ob bar-ley bread lak ol' Mistah Gideon dun cook on de side ob de mounting befo' he break de pitchahs an' scramble dem enemies ob de Lawd into a pow'-ful footrace! Dar yo' is brudren an' sistern: Gideon an' his a'my wuz bo'ned in Zion. *(Judg. 7:13-25.)* An' dey make a cha'ge lak a co'pora-shun ob yallah jackets down dat mounting side, an' de enemies ob de Lawd dun sprained der constitushuns

elopin' fru de gogerfy ob Palestime!

Dar wuz Samson de strong man *(Judg.16:28-31)*—he wuz bo'ned in Zion—but he dun riz up an' play de fool, an' he am a sobah wa'nin' to all de chilluns ob de Lawd, kase he dun show dem what it am to git pizened an' burnt ef dey runs into de territory ob ol' Bellzybug. *(Prov. 14:12.)* Kase dar am sum fine lookin' gal obah dar a-winkin' *(Isa. 3:16-26)* an' lookin' pius, an' hopin' all de time dat she kin make a grabment ob dat sinnin' saint an' extrack all de piusness frum his speritule 'natomy. *(Isa. 3:12.)* Dat Samson dun had ha'r on his haid dat make him as strong as a mewl, an' ol' Miss Delylie make sho' dat she wuz a-gwine to fin' de sekrit ob his stoutness. Dat man cou'd kill lions, tigahs, hippopotomusts an' all sich va'mints jes' lak de res' ob us cou'd kill 'possums an' 'coons. Ol' Samson he say, "Tie ma ha'r to dis bed an'

Ah will evaporate all ma stoutness lak any otheh man." So ol' Miss Delylie dun tie dat ha'r an' go out an' summonake her relashuns to cum in an' kill Samson; but he jump up an' tear de house ha'f down an' make a turrible slayment ob his enemies. One day ol' Mis' Delylie git sich a hol' on de sense ob dat man dat he tell about nebah habin' his ha'r cut an' ef he did he wou'd lose all de stoutness ob his 'natomy. So he fall asleep an' dat lady ba'bah sho' cut his ha'r frum his haid; den de enemies cum in an' dig his eyes out an' he am as weak as de debil kin make him. Oh ma brudren bo'ned in Zion keep away frum de lan' ob Bellzybug, keep yo' eyes keen, yo' lamps trimmed an' bu'nin', an ef yo' all sees any Delylies aroun' run as fas' as de Profit Lygy dun did when ol' Mis' Jezybell tuck a'tah him. *(1 Ki. 19:1-18.)* De Profit Lygy wuz bo'ned in Zion an' he

dun prayed down fiah from Heaben: an' riz up an' make a slayment ob fo' hund'ed ob ol' Bellzybug's profits. *Lygy coud pray an' run!* He riz up an' killed dem sons ob Bellzybug but he run frum ol' Mis' Jezebell lak a skeered ribbit. Dat show dat he aint fo'got dat he wuz bo'ned in Zion! Folks dat am bo'ned in Zion mus' not ruminake wid dem sly chilluns ob ol' Bellzybug 'ceptin' dey wants to bring shame an' dusgrace on de lubly lan' ob Zion! *(2 Jn. 7-11.)*

Dar wuz ol' Jeremyah de profit ob de Lawd dat wuz bo'ned in Zion, an' when de debil's fambly dun putt him in de slime pit *(Jer. 38:6-13)*, a culled pusson dun pull him out. De Lawd am a-gwine to pull all His chilluns outen de slimepit ob dis worl'. *(1 Cor. 15:51-58.)*

Dar wuz Hezekyah de King—he wuz bo'ned in Zion an' when de po' man had b'iles an' chillbrains all obah

his 'natomy he dun sen' fur de Profit Isayah an' dat saint ob de Lawd dun prognostikake figs an' pra'r an' de King riz up an' frow off dem trinkets ob ol' Bellzybug an' smole smiles, an' had Psamms sang, while de pizeltree wuz played by de chilluns ob de Lawd in de paliss; an' Hezekyah say: "De Lawd dun luv' ma soul frum de pit." *(Isa. 38:1-17.)*

Dar wuz de Profit Job—bo'ned in Zion an' de debil git so mad at him dat he riz up an' tell de Lawd a passel ob lies about dat saint, an' when de mizeries ob b'iles, ca'buckles an' pizen-ivy dun stigmatize his semicolon, dem cumfo'tahs dun make a semblage ob der mewls an' den dey fills der haids wid windy platytudes an' arrove at Job's house an' fin' dat ol' Mis' Job dun excommunicake him outen de house into de back ya'd on a pile ob ashes; an' tell him to cuss God an' die: an' when de cumfo'tahs

arrove, dey fin' de Profit Job so full ob sadments an' fambly truble dat dey riz up an' sot down fur seben days an' nights an' ack lak men wid de lock-jaw fur dey nebah 'splode gloom nor glory all dat time—but jes' sot dar an' bat der eyes lak a 'possum in a hail sto'm! *(Job 1 and 2.)*

Dem men had jubuss names. Elifaz—Bildad—an Zofah. Dey riz up one atah de othah an' tell Job dat he mus' hab robbed all de widows chicken houses, an' banks in de lan' ob Uz—er de Lawd wou'd not hab all dis sadment fallin' on him, an atah dey gits fru, ol' Mistah Job dun say, "Ah wuz bo'ned in Zion, an' Ah kno's my Redeemah libes *(Job 19:25-27)*, an' de Lawd dun vouch fur me"*(Job 16:19)*, an' de Lawd sen' de Profit Job a rainsto'm ob blessin', an' mo' riches dan he had befo' de free cumfotahs, b'iles, chillbrains an' informa-

shun ob de paragram dun cum upon his po' natomy. *(Job 42:1-17.)*

Weepin' may endu'e fur a night but joy am cummin' in de mawnin' *(Ps. 30:5)* to all dat wuz bo'ned in Zion. De Lawd nebah fo'gits dem dat am His, an' He keeps de fambly lis', so He kno's dem all by name! *(Matt. 28:19-20.)*

Dis house ob God am de place to be bo'ned in Zion, an' yo' po' o'phant chilluns ob de debil kin make a 'scapement frum de claws ob ol' Bellzybug dis instinck an' be bo'ned in Zion an' hab de Lawd a-watchin' obah yo' all lak de hin' dun watch de lil' fuzzy chickens. Angels am de frien's ob all dat wuz bo'ned in Zion but ol' Bellzybug am atah all de res' ob dis congregashun. Bettah make yo' 'scapement now!" *(Ps. 91:11-12.)*

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CHAPTER VI

A Baskit of Summah Fruit

Amos 8:1

Ma brudren an' sistern: Ma tex' am a pow'ful stigmigrashun for de backslidah *(Jer. 2:19)*, an' a sha'p wo'd ob wa'nin' fur de pius empostahs dat jes' has relig'n enuff to take dem to meetin' on Sunday; an' has so much friskyness in der heels dat dey caint keep in de straight an' narro' paffway durin' de week. *(2 Tim. 3:5.)*. Ma tex' dun say dat sech triflin' chilluns am jes' lak a baskit ob summah froot! Dat means dat dar am a sp'ilement a-gwine to take place aroun' de house ob God ef dem ongodly sinnahs jines de Lawd's congregashun *(2 Cor. 6:14-16)*; an Ah 'specks dar mout be sum ob dem asottin' heah dis instinck. A baskit ob

summah froot sho do look splendorodious to de eye; but ma brudren; we kno's dat ef dey aint putt up into presarves befo' night, de spilement will sho' ackcident befo' de nex' mawnin'! *(Job 5:7.)* Ef de backslidah don' git onscrambled frum ol' Bellzybug an' presarved by de powah ob de Lawd, *(Prov. 14:14)* he am sho gwine to make a spilement ob his piusness dat will ramify dis whol' congregashun! *(Jer. 2:13)* Ah sees dis suddint evaporashun ob speritule zeal in sum of yo' faces. Ah knows what it am to heah a shout on Sunday mawnin', an' hab a po' 'strackted mammy sen' me to de chaingang befo' Friday to refo'm sum young sinnah who has summah froot religion. Sum summah froot am green—ma brudren; an' de cramps an' colick dat kin habusco'pus de constitushun ob de one dat eats green froot am sho' hypu'bolus!

A BASKIT OF SUMMAH FRUIT

Dar am a lot ob green religin in dese days. Noise an' rollin' aroun' lak a pow'ful mizery am a-to'mentin' de fisikal 'natomy. Dat am summah froot religin! Dis am not de produck ob ripe speritule froot. *(Jer. 2:21-22.)*

Dar am many signs ob summah froot religion. Ah has watched de colick, smallpox, tryfoid-febah, collary-mo'gus, info'mashun ob de semicolon, ammonia-febah, ca'buckles an' chillbrains run fru de religin ob de peepul fo' fo'ty yeahs er mo' an' Ah 'specks mo' ob dese mizeries ob de speritule 'natomy am sot up in de system by sum powah ob ol' Bellzybug in de way he pizens de soul ob de chilluns ob de Lawd when dey am ruminatin' an browsin' aroun' outside ob de green pastuahs whah dey am exposed to feed der souls an' sperits. *(I Cor. 3:1-3.)*

Summah froot am sho lubly to

gaze at: but ma brudren, who amung yo' all kin fill de stummick by winkin' de eyes? Summah froot religin sho look splendorodious; de fo'ms of piusness on Sunday mawnin' am optishus to de chilluns ob ol' Bellzybug, but no prancin' Midiamikes kin fool de Lawd into callin' dem chilluns bo'ned in Zion. *(Rev. 3:15-18.)* Dar am froot putt up in jars dat will make yo' natchel tas'e salubrikake all wintah fru. So de ol' time saints dat hab de soul full ob de "honey outen de Rock" kin pass fru de congregashun an' all de pussuns assimblated kin feel de salubel piusness ob de chilluns ob de Lawd as dey nabigates down de aisles ob de house ob God. Dar am a sweetness in de soul ob de Lawd's chilluns lak de presarved froot on de shelf. *(Rev. 3:5.)*

Ef yo' all 'specks to keep summah froot all wintah dar mus' be

sum extramus presarvin did. *(Ps. 1:1-6.)* Ef yo' summah-camp-meetin' religin am a-gwine to pull yo' all past de millin vines, an' de chicken roos' an' de thanksgivin' tu'keys; *(Jas. 1:12.)* when wo'k am skase an' de fros' sha'pen de appetipe, den dar mus' be de speshul rousements, de sweep ob powah, de winds ob glory blowin' hurrikanes ob grace fru de kitchin ob de soul. Oh ma brudren! *(Jas. 1:21-25.)*

Sum ob de sickly saints gits religin an' den seems to hide frum de Lawd. No wondah dey has speritule colick, an' de co'puskum diaglates on de diafram. *(Jas. 1:26-.27)* De shade an' de shaddahs am de place whah de dampness chills de marrow ob de bones. De da'kness am de place what ol' Bellzybug gyrates de to'ments ob skeehedness into de system, an' de knees knocks togeddah, an' de teef chattahs, an' de feets gits pow'ful

narvus, an' caint stay on de groun' long at a time. *(Ex. 13:21-22.)*

My brudren, de dreams am inflooenced by summah froot. Ef de watah-millin am too green de dreems mout onjint de slumbah so pellus, dat yo' all kin be seed aflyin' fru de back do', a-feelin' dat de poleece am a-breakin' fru de frunt do'!

Summah froot religin gibes de onsartin' feelin' to de soul dat all de sins am gwine to rize up in de jedgment an' pusecute de feebul saint to de p'int ob extrackshun. Oh ma brudren dar am a ba'm in Gilead dat make de sinnah whol'. *(Ex. 14:13.)*

Cum to de banket-house of de Lawd an' feed on de speritule hocake an' 'lasses, an' kno' dat dar am bread enuff an' to spar' fur all de prodigals dat runs home frum de wilderness to de a'ms ob de lubin' Faddah an' eats sech a dinnah ob fatted ca'f an' sweet tatahs dat dar am twelve baskits full

toted to de table, an' he feels dat he am agwine to pe'ish wid hungah ef dey don' bring seben mo' baskits full to ease an' sadisfy de cravin' ob his constitushun. Now ma brudren de Lawd want us all to eat de speritule food dat will tote us fru de temptin' days ob fall an' wintah an' cum out in de spring all filled wid de sap ob salvashun lak de maple trees dat makes salubel 'lasses fur de rich white fo'ks. *(Deut. 33:25-27.)*

Ah knows de way to de sekrit place ob de Mos' High, *(Ps. 91:1-2.)* an' dat am de place ob safeness; an' a sheltah in de time ob sto'm! *(Isa. 32:1-2.)*

Oh ma brudren, git presarved to-day and mollikated into de jars ob salvashun an' sot on de shelves ob de Lawd whah de temptashuns ob ol' Bellzybug cain't onjint yo' speritule semicolon an' sot up de straybismus ob de parakardium. *(Isa. 35:1-10.)*

Now let us arose an' wawk de way ob de blessed man, an' not be kotched a standin' in de way ob sinnahs er a sottin' in de seat ob de sco'nful but habin' ou' delight in de law ob de Lawd an' no condulgence wid summah froot religin. *(Ps. 1.)*

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CHAPTER VII

"A Man Sick ob de Palzy."

Lk. 5:17-26.

Brudren an' sistern: Sum whah in de Gospil of Luke dar am dat glo'rus good news about de men dat dun fotch a man to de Lawd on a bed kase he wuz so po'ly dat he cou'd not wawk a step. Ah 'speck he had locomoshus-taxashuns, but de tex' lubricates his state ob min', so we diskivahs dat he sho wuz sick ob de palzy. *(Isa. 38:13-14.)*

Ah 'speck his pappy dun had dat palzy an' wuz toted aroun' de house by de frien's; an' den when he gits fru his mammy dun kotch de palzy—den all de chilluns breaks out wid dat palzy; an' dis po' man as a chile, gits tangulated wid dat mizery; an' he jes' grow up wid it; an' by de time he

wuz a man wid a wife an' chilluns ob his own, *he sho' wuz sick ob dat palzy! (Jer. 14:7-9.)* Now ma brudren —dar am de wiseness ob dat man in de abstrack an' in de cement! *(Prov. 9:10.)* Ef dat man had bin lak a passel ob sinnahs Ah kno's in dis town he won'd hab called de naybohs in an' won'd had bragg about habin' dat palzy. *(Prov. 10:23.)* But de tex dun say, "*He wuz sick ob de palzy.*" Folks dat has de sense ob de 'possum nebah brags about habin' smallpox, er cancah, er bluebonnet-plague, er gittin' de semi-colon onjinted. Yo' all kno's ob de fools dat brags about gittin' drunk, stealin', cussin' an' bein' nasty an' mean! *(Prov. 22:8.)* De good book dun say "Fools make a mockin' ob sin." Dar am de Lawd's own subscripshun ob de sinnah! Den He say mo dan dat. He say:

"Rejoice Oh young man in yo' youf,

an' let yo' hea't cheah yo' all in de days ob yo' youf; an' wawk in de ways ob yo hea't, an' in de sight ob yo' eyes—" What do dat emfatigate? Ef yo' all wants to cuss, steal, lie, kill, be nasty en' vile, fight, fuss an' bring shame an' sorrow, to yo' po' ol' Mammy—go ahead! Be jes' as full ob de debil as yo' hide will hol'.—But lissen while Ah lubricates de wo'd ob God—de tex' dun say—"But kno' dou dat fur all dese sins, de Lawd will bring yo' all into jedgment!" *(Eccl. 11:9.)* Does dat solem' fack rouse yo' sleepin' conshunce, sinnah? Ef de thief hab good sense he git sick ob stealin'; ef de drunka'd match brains wid de mud-tu'kle—he will git sick ob drinkin': Ef de embizzlah don' git sick of his mangey meanness he will dun git 'lected to de chain-gang' er de rock-pile. *(Prov. 13:15-21.)*

Now brudren: *Palzy am a pow'ful*

sprain on de fisikal 'natomy; fur de han's shake, an' de haid bobs aroun' lak a co'k—ef a mud-tu'kle gits on yo' hook, an' de feets gits onjinted frum de locomoshuss apa'tment ob de brains; an' dar yo' is, bed-fas', a shakin' lak a rabbit wid a bull-dog a lookin' him straight in de eyes! *(Isa. 24:1-6; 17-21.)*

Sin am de palzy ob de mo'al 'natomy. All de crimes an' kinks ob wickedness am but de palzy ob de sole! *(Isa. 28:14-15.)* Ain't it time fo' yo' all to be sick ob dat palzy? *(Eze. 33:11.)* Dar wuz dat prodigal son in de hog-pin—fillin' his 'natomy wid hog-feed when de Niggahs on de ol' plantashun had 'possum, chicken an' sweet tatahs. He say: "Oh Lawd: *Ah sho is sick ob dis palzy,* dat got me into dis hog-pin! Palzy dun drap me out oh de pa'lah, what de lubly gals smole smiles dat 'splode de dimples in der cheeks; an' de light-

nin' in der eyes—into dis hog-pin! Dis mo'al palzy dun tuck de pu'kle an' fine linen frum ma back an' putt blistahs an' sunbu'n in der place. Palzy, dun cavo't ma lubly home into a place ob to'ment; an' make me long fur de fleshpots ob damnashun, an' heah Ah is—*a dry nu'se fur hogs! a bo'adin' house fur fleas*, an' de haid-qua'tahs fur de ransomest smells dat ebah tu'n de stumick ob a alligatah: *Ah will arise, an' feed swine no mo'*. Ah's a-gwine to gallop home so fas' dat a load ob buck-shot a-flyin' fru de air will look lak a swa'm ob bees a hangin' on a limb! Oh, rabbits, deers, antelopes, an' fas' runnin' ani-mewls, cl'ar de track; fur Ah is now a-shakin' off dis mo'al palzy: an Ah soon will tell ma pappy what low-down, triflin', white-trash Ah is; an' ef he will let me bake ho-cake, wid de sarvants—Ah will hab bread enuff an' to spar'; an' Ah pe'ishes wid hon-

gah in his hog-pin. Oh Lawd; *Ah is dun sick ob dis palzy." (1 Jn. 7, 8, 9.)*

Dar wuz de 'postle Petah—he dun git tangulated an' scrambled wid dis mo'al palzy! He riz up an' tell de Lawd dat all de res' ob de 'postles mout deny Him, but he wuz sartin' dat his back-bone wuz made ob crow-ba's an' ram's ho'ns; an' dat back-bone mout stan' de sprain ob all de winds ob hell; *(Mk. 14:27-31)* but po' Petah stood a-wa'min' hisse'f—an' a gal cum up an' look pius an' say: "Dis am one ob dem Postles," but ol' Petah's back-bone snap lak a piece ob stick candy; an' de Lawd jes' look at him, acrost de room an' po' ol' Petah crope outen dat do' an' cry lak his hea't wou'd break. *(Matt. 26:69-75.)* Brudren—dat wuz de palzy ob sin, dat onscramble de piusness an' brave-ness ob Petah dat night! Oh Lawd,

Ah is sick ob de palzy; dat has tooken de testimony, de joy, de sweetness outen ma soul, an' made a sp'ilement in ma preachin'. Oh Lawd, cas' out de debil, heal all ob us ob de palzy, an' putt de shout ob salvashun into dis camp ob saints! Has yo' all got de palzy dis mawnin'? Sum ob yo' brudren an' sistern haint raised a shout, er h'isted a hime in many a day: Ah 'speck palzy dun stricken yo' po' soul: an' de beggar' elements ob de worl', de flesh an' de debil, am de sym'tums ob dat soul-pizenin' wo'k ob palzy in yo speritule 'natomy. *(Jn. 14:21.)*

When de Lawd seed de faif ob dem pius men dat fotch dat sick man on de bed—He say, "Man yo' sins am all tooken away." Ah kno's dat de Blood ob de Lam' kin cho de palzy! Cum on to dis mo'nahs bench an' git dat pal-

zy ob sin distracted frum yo' soles—cum brudren an' sistern cum—ef yo' all am sick ob de palzy." *(Isa. 1:18-55:6-7.)*

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CHAPTER VIII

Balaam's Mewl

Num. 22, 23, 24, Three Entire Chapters

Ma tex' say: *"An' de Lawd dun opened de mouf ob dat mewl an' she said."* Ma brudren an' sistern: Ah has de cu'iouses tex' dat am suckim-scribed in de Bible, kase ma tex' tells dat ha'r-raisin' story ob Balaam's Mewl—dat mewl dat riz up an' tawk jes lak a man! Oh ma brudren Ah kno's why Ah always has a jubuss feelin' aroun' mewls! It am kase one ob de ancestahs ob de mewl fambly had visions, seed angels, tooken de safe side ob de road an' spoken de wo'ds ob sobe'ness an' truf to ol' Mistah Balaam! Oh Lawd Ah don' want to heah no mewl a-tawkin' to

dis po' man in de night on de da'k ob de moon.

Ma brudren, mewls am danges crit-ahs in der hime pa'ts—but Ah 'specks we nebah seed de full dangesness ob de mewl—lak po' ol' Mistah Balaam dun seed on dat narro' lane. *(Num. 22:21-35.)*

You see Mistah Balaam wuz hired by ol' King Balak to git up on de mounting top an' cuss de chilluns ob Israle: but when Balaam an' Balak reach dat mounting top—de Profit Balaam riz up an' say, "Mistah Balak, Ah caint spoken no word 'ceptin' dat which de Lawd dun ram-ikate in ma mouf an' Ah shaint try." So dey looks down on de camp ob de chilluns ob Israle an' de Lawd dun put de word in Balaam's mouf, an' he promulgate de offishuss blessin' ob de Lawd on dem, *(Num. 23:7-30.)* so ol' King Balak feel lak excommunikatin' de Profit Balaam frum his boa'd ob

Bishops. He say, "What am Ah payin' dis Profit fur—am it not to bring down de cuss ob de Lawd on dem chilluns ob Israle?" Brudren dese Profits dat am hired to deny de truf, an' sell der feebul brains to de debil to onscramble de Gospel an' brag about der book larnin', am ancestahs an' decendahs frum dat meazley Judas fambly. Ah chuzes to claim kin wid Balaam's mewl, befo' Ah wants any Judas influenze in ma fambly sarkle. *(Num. 25:17.) (Gal. 6:7-8.)*

Ah 'specks all de patriarks an' Profits dun rid mewls. Dar wuz Abraham he dun riz up an' rid a mewl all obah Palestime, Meso'tamia an' Egyp, an' Ah nebah heerd no man deny dat his mewl wuz ob de tawkin' kin'. Oh de comfo't ob ridin' de tawkin' mewl, instid ob de buckin' mewl. Oh de consolashun ob drivin' de tawkin' mewl instid ob de bawkin'

breed. De bawkin' mewl am a strain on de speritule system, kase he augment de cerebellum ob de constitushun to de 'splodin' pi'nt! *(Eph. 4: 22-32.)* De bawkin' mewl hab bin' de okashun ob mo' backslidin' on de lanes an' in de co'n an' cotton patches dan all othah mewls in de category ob cussedness. Ef Ah says to de po' mo'nahs who pray an' weep at dis mo'nahs bench: "Am it watah-millons er chickens dat dun sprang a leek in yo' speritule 'natomy?" De mos' ob de po' weepin' male mo'nahs at dis mo'nahs bench speaks de wo'ds ob truf an' sobahness. "It am dat triflin' bawkin' mewl, dat dun excommunicake de rousements ob joy frum ma soul." *(Eph. 5:1-4)* Dar yo' is, brudren an' sistern. It mus' be cl'ar to yo' speritule optikashun dat de mewl fambly—lak de human fambly—sho' has black sheeps 'mungst de chilluns; an' de bawkin' mewl am

de black sheepes' mewl ob de whol' conglomerashun!

Dar wuz King David: he riz up an' rid a mewl. Did dat mewl tawk to de King? Does yo' all 'speck dat king wou'd ride a buckin' er a bawkin' mewl frum Jeriko an' Bethelham to Jeruzalum? Den ef yo' does dat kin of 'speckin', yo' condulgence wid de pabulated habits ob kings am fur down de scale ob de rignarambuss! An dey haint got no sense no how!

Dar wuz King Saul *(Sam. 9:3)*, an' an' King Ahab *(1 Ki. 18:5)*, an Mistah Absalum *(2 Sam. 18:9)*, dat try to be King; dey all wuz mewl ridahs!

Den cums de story dat sporadifies glory all obah de mewl fambly. De Lawd wuz tooken on a mewl wid His lubly mammy down to Egyp'; an' Ah 'specks dat mewl dun bless de Lawd all de way to Egyp' an' back agin'. *(Matt. 2:13-14.)* Wuz dat a bawkin' mewl? Ef yo' all wants to fluctuate

speed on de lane, leab dat bawkin' mewl in de meadow; an' git dat 'ristokrat ob de mewl fambly dat am closest to de tawkin' kin' dat de Profit Balaam dun zibit on de narro' road! Ma brudren it mout be dat de good mewls an' all crittahs an' va'-mints—down to dis day am able to see angels on de lanes: *(Ps. 50:10-11)* but dem bawkin' mewls mus' hab sum ob de fambly traiks ob ol' Bellzybug bo'ned into dem! Goodness dun cums frum de Lawd an' bawkin,' cussin' an' sich lak cum frum ol' Bellzybug; an' dat am de truf in de cement an' in de abstrack! *(Ps. 150: 6.)*

When de Lawd wuz a-gwine to ride into Jeruzalem, when de peepuls wuz singin': "Hosanna, hallelujah, *(Matt. 21:1-11)* an' frowin' pa'ms in de air; did He sen' down to de ba'n ob de rich young rulah an' borrow his bes' Kaintucky trottin' hoss? De Gospil

tell us nowhah about de Lawd ridin' on de frisky hoss befo' He wuz crucified; but it do speak about de Lawd cumin' meek an' lowly ridin' de pius mewl. *(Zech. 9:9.)* De "hoss smells de battle afur off"—*(Job. 39:19-25)* as de Profit Job dun say: but de mewl revarses hisse'f, frows his eahs back an' kicks de daylights outen de enemies. Brudren, ef de wa'repa't-ment ob dis country wou'd edukake a millun mewls to run backwa'ds into de ranks ob de enemy an' kick wid der customary ambishun, ou' wa's frum dis time on cou'd be fit by kickin' mewls; an' de gin'rals, kunnels an' all de high offishuhs cou'd spen' der time teachin' an' cussin' mewls instid ob men. A lil' mo'al swashun mout git all de bawkin' mewls to run backw'ds, an' dey wou'd be good 'soshiates fur de proud, pompus drinkin', cussin majahs an' cunnels in de wa'repa'tment!

De bawkin' chu'ch membah, an' de bawkin' mewl am all ob one fambly, an' ol' Bellzybug am de haid ob dat breed. *(Amos 6:1.)*

Ah don' read about mewls bein' up in de sky er in Heaben. De Profit 'Lygy's charyut wuz pull'd fru de sky by hosses ob fiah! *(2 Ki. 2:11-14.)* Dat certifies dat dar am a limick to de place yo' all kin' trus' de mewl. De Lawd ob glory sum day will sot de sky on fiah an' den He will break fru de front gates ob glory, a-ridin' de white hoss an' milluns ob saints an' de Bright Angel Ban' will follow Him fru de sky to celebrake His cum-in' back as King ob Kings an' Lawd ob lawds to dis debil 'fested ol' worl' dat crucify Him long, long ago! *(Rev. 19:11-21.)* Oh ma brudren when de Lawd comes sweepin' fru de sky His enemies will lick de dus'. Hallelujah! *(Ps. 72:9.)*

Tu'n frum ol' Bellzybug, *(Isa. 55:*

7-8) frum de bawkin' mewls, an' festoon yo' souls wid de glory ob de Lam' ob God; an' git de eagles eyes, de lam's hea't, de doves ha'mlessness an' de wiseness ob de sarpant; an' ef yo' all 'soshiates wid mewls—excommunikake de bawkin' breed frum yo' fambly sarkles! *(Rom. 8:35-39.)*

"Balaam rid a tawkin' mewl—
Oh ma Lawd—
Whar'd dat crittah go to skool
Oh ma Lawd—
De Lawd dun tell dat mewl to tawk—
Jes' de same as he cou'd wawk—
He nebah use no books nor chawk
—Oh ma Lawd."

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CHAPTER IX

"Yo Feets Shall be Lak de Hin's Feets."

Ps. 18:33.

Ma brudren an' sistern: Sumwhah in de Good Book am de promus dat "yo' feets shall be lak de hin's feets." Dis am one ob de mos' cu'iouses texes in all de Bible. De langwidge am sho pe'pendickulah! Ef any pusson wuz to cum aroun' an' tell me—widout de Bible back ob him—dat ou' feets am a-gwine to be lak de hin's feets—Ah sho wou'd hab no tr'uble in augmentin' de seenery wid a 'spute! *(Job 13:4.)* Dar am de truf in de Bible! *Yo' all kno's de cha'actah ob de hin's feets.* De hin hab free toes in frunt, an' one pow'ful toe behime, *an' it am dat hime toe dat keep de hin frum backslidin'!* Who ebah seed de hin

back-slide? Dar am de loomigashun dat we needs in dese days ob loose libin' an' devuss ways! *(Heb. 12:1-2.)* Ef yo' all gits on *dat hime toe*—de ol' debil kin make de road slick; but de shout ob vickory am: "De Lawd dun keep ma feet ef Ah wawks on de slippery places!" *(Ps. 121:3.)* Does yo' feel able to stan' in de road ef it am steep, an' ruff, er slick an' dangess? *(Ps. 40:1-4.)* Dat hime toe am de bullwa'k ob safeness fur de saint. Ol' Beelzebug kin slickigate de way ef he pleases, but de Lawd dun festoons de feets ob de saints so dey kin run de race wid pashunce, an' nebah, slip, slide, skid, er repa't from de narrow way dat leads to de City ob God! *(Matt 7:13-14.)* Am yo' all able to run on de road dat de debil dun grease? Who am dese po' wounded sinnahs a-wallerin' in de mud' an slime on de jurny? Dey is de se'f-confidenshall chilluns dat feels too

proud to go to de Heabenly-Feet-Fixah an' git dat hime toe coagulated to der feets! Oh ma pius brudren, dem golding slippas am sho gwine to hab room fur dat hime toe, an' dem golding stai's mout be ha'd to clim' ef de hime toe am missin' frum yo' feets! Dar will be ma'ks ob de hime toe in de narrow way all fru dis wilde'ness an' go's' kive'ed land! *(Eph. 6:15.)*

Dar am times dat yo' feets mus' stick to de highway er yo' gone! Ol' Bellzybug am out to rob de soul ob all de hope an' joy, an' he longs to sen' 'scouragement into de hea't so de sunshine am all 'bliterated frum yo' sky, an' yo' wawks in da'kness wid yo' haid lak de bull-rash, an' yo' knees feeble, an' yo' han's all widout powah! *(Isa. 30:20-21.)* De debil sho plans to chase yo' all frum de road an' git yo' tangled up in de briah-patches; de cuckle-bu's an' de tho'n-

trees in de midlin ob de desert ob dispah an' gloom! *(Pet. 5:8-9.)* Dar am one way to certify dat ol' Bellzybug dun miss his guess—ef he 'specks to nullify an' ceceed all ob us frum de way ob salvashun an' peace: an' dat am to git ou' feets made lak de hin's feets, as de tex dun dispense! *(Isa. 41:15-16.)*

Now ma brudren: Ah don' want yo' all to 'speck dat yo' feets am a-gwine to drap offen yo' bodies, an' hin's feets am a-gwine to complikake wid yo' ankles! Dis truf am applikashuss to yo' speritule 'natomies—fus', las', an' all de time! De 'Postle dun say dat dar am a natchel body an' a speritule body, *(1 Cor. 15:44)* so Ah wants yo' all to transgleam de fack dat Ah is dissecktin' de speritule feets an' toes in dis sarmunt! Ef yo' gits dese hime toes abrogated to yo' feets, den yo' kin run fru de troop ob de debil, *(Ps. 18:29)* an' jump

obah a wall dat he mout b'ild aroun' yo' all to keep yo' in de prison ob condemnashun!

Ah 'speck dat we mout want to clim' up into de trees ob life, an' eat sum ob dat lubly froot in de Heabenly lan' *(Rev. 22:1-5)*: how we will need de hin's feets, ef we am to sot dar on dat lim' an' not git tired an' fall off to de groun'. Who kno's de conglomerous changes dat mout transmo'gify ou' bodies w'en we gits up to glory? We will putt off mo'tality an' putt on immo'tality! *(1 Cor. 2:9-10.)* Does yo' all 'speck dat Ah am a-gwine to ruminake dem golding streets wid stiff j'ints, an' mizeries in ma semi-colon: er dat Ah am a-gwine to hab co'ns an' chill-brains cripplin' dese po' ol' feets ob mine so Ah kin sca'cely cross one ob de streets ob glory? Ef dat pragmashun of falseness evaporakes frum yo' min's: decapitake dat ettymology dis instinck!

Ah am a-gwine to fly! *(1 Cor. 15: 51-58.)* Does yo' all propagate de full signifness ob dat langwidge? Ah says dat Ah am sho gwine to hab wings lak a tu'kle dove an' fly away, an' be at res'; Dar am no mustakens about dat hope. *(Jn. 14:1-3; 1 Thess. 4:13-18)* fur de Lawd dun certify de promus, an' we kno's dat He am de way, de truf an' de life; *(Jn. 14:6)* an' He riz up an' fly away to glory, *(Acts 1:9-11)* an' we will be lak Him, fur we will see Him as He is! *(Jn. 3:1-3.)* De 'Postle dun say dat we is gwine to be lak de angels, an' dat means dat we am a-gwine to be lak dey is! *We is lak dey aint now, but den we will be lak dey is! Now it am; is we aint! But den it will be; aint we is!* Oh ma pius brudren! Le's all go to Heaben! Don' anybody miss Heaben! Miss yo' sleep, yo' food, yo' frien's, yo lub ones, yo' pay-day, yo' earfly joys, yo' weddin' day—

all dat dis worl' kin gib—but don' miss Heaben! *(Rev. 21:1-8; 22:15.)*

Expose dat de Lawd dun sen' sum ob us on a trip to sum sta' away off in de blue sky, a million miles frum Heaben, to tell de peepuls on dat place de good news! Ef dat place am kivahd wid ice an' snow, dat hime toe will sock down into dat slickness an' we kin stan' dar lak a flagpole an' make de 'nouncement ob salvashun to dem peepuls, an' wou'd nebah slip, slide er periheel frum dat spot ontell we dun 'splode an' disgo'ge all de truf dat de Lawd encompass us to gib! *(Matt. 28:18-20.)*

Am yo' feets lak de hin's feets? *(1 Pet. 2:21.)* Oh po' chilluns ob de debil, wo'ms ob de dus', loaded down wid de baggage-elements ob de worl', de flesh, an de debil, how kin yo' all be sadisfied to sot in de pew ob doom an' lissen to de wa'nin' dat yo'

feets am a-gwine to slide, an' lan' yo' in predishun, to'ment, an' de bu'nin' billows ob hell? *(Col. 3:1-10.)* Oh dat Ah cou'd 'larm yo' all so dar wou'd be a wakement in ebery hea't ob de sleepahs in de way ob doom! Awake! *(Eph. 5:14.)* Awake! Oh sleepahs, *(Jonah 1:6)* an' cry mightily to de Lawd! Ol' Bellzybug am on yo' trail, an' he am wussah dan dat sea-monstrouss dat dun swallered ol' Mistah Jony! He am on de way to kotch de stragglahs! His nose am sha'pah dan de blood-houn'; an' he am de mad-dog ob hell; an' his bite 'stribulakes de pizen ob deaf an' doom! *(Rev. 12: 3-4; 7-12.)* Dar he cums! Oh ma brudren! Ah sees him atah sum ob de sinnahs ob dis congregashun! He am jes' about to make a grabment dis instinck! He fea's no pusson in all de univuss 'ceptin' King Jesus! *(Matt. 4:10-11. Heb. 2:14-15.)* Den

fly to de Lawd, an' seek Him wi'le He may be foun' an' call upon Him w'ile He am nigh! *(Isa. 55:6-7.)* De debil am full ob madness at de Lawd an' all His chilluns, an' he am out to make a spilement ob all de happy dreams ob ou' po' hea'ts! *(1 Pet. 5: 8-9.)*

Oh ma brudren, see dat yo' feets hab on de hime toes, an' dat dey am p'inted to de Holy City, an' dat yo' am runnin', *(Heb. 12:1-2.)* De charyut ob ol' 'Ligy mout swing low befo' de ch'uch do' dis instinck to ca'y de speshul saints to glory! *(Matt. 24:44.)* De angel Gabrul mout blow dat trumpit wid sech tu'ible ambishun dat de tatahs mout jump outen de groun'; an all de saints dat am summonaked to stan' befo' de King *(1 Cor. 15:51-52)* in de long robes ob spotless white *(Rev. 3:5)* wou'd drap all all de weaknesses ob dis mo'tality an' dress up in de

pow'ah an' glory ob immo'tality! Halleluyah! Ah mus' emfatigate de truf dat no pusson 'ceptin' dem dat has der hime toes on am a-gwine to j'ine de Bright Angel Ban' an' sweep away to glory! *(Jn. 3:3.)* Has yo' all on de weddin' ga'ment, de breas'-plate ob rightussness, de helmick ob salvashun, am yo' feets lak de hin's feets? *(Eph. 6:10-18.)* 'Breviate yo' condulgence wid ol' Bellzybug an' git you feets fixed wid de hime toes, fur de Lawd wants yo' all ready fur de day ob glory dat am now fas' on de way! De day am soon to dawn w'en de saints whose feets am lak de hin's feets *kin clim' de rainbow lak de' 'possum kin clim' dat 'simmon tree!* Halleluyah! *(2 Cor. 12:1-4.)*

Now ma brudren an' sistern, in de closin' ob dis sarmunt, Ah feels dat dar am sum speshial reason dat de Lawd dun say yo' feets shall be lak

de *hin's* feets, an' not lak de *roostah's* feets! In de fust instinck, de roostah hab dem pow'ful spu's, an' he am always in a fight wid sum odah triflin' roostah! *(2 Pet. 1:2-11.)* De Lawd wants His chilluns to be docile an' industruss lak de hin! De way dat roostah flies up on de fence an' crow, yo' wou'd 'speck dat he lay all de eggs on de plantashun! *(1 Cor. 4:6-7.)* Ma brudren, yo' all kno's dat de triflin' ol' noisemakah nebah lay a egg in all his life; an' mo' dan dat, no roostah will ebah be kotched layin' any eggs! De solum hin goes on huh nes' an' sots dar ontell she dun excommunikakes de egg into dat nes', an' den she raises a rukuss! *It takes mo consecrashun to lay de egg dan it do to fly up on de fence an' crow! (1 Cor. 3:1-8.)* De roostah am lak de hypokrit in de chu'ch—he am ready to brag on hisse'f an' flop his wings an'

crow big—but ef yo' all had to 'pen on him fur eggs yo' all wou'd sho sta've to deaf! *(Lk. 12:42-48.)* De roostah am onpius in de crowin' about free o'clock in de mawnin'! Dat am de time w'en yo' all 'speck to finish up on de 'freshments ob de sleepin' time; an' jes' as yo' feels de deep, sweet slumbah crope up on de bed an' lull yo' all lak de mammy lull huh baby-chile, den dat fool roostah dun rawkuss his voice, an' yell fur all he finks he am wo'th, an' all de roostahs fur miles aroun' crows back at him. But de hin sots dar an' sleeps an' gains de ambishun to lay a passel ob eggs in de daylight! Who ebah seed de hin go foolin' aroun' layin' eggs in de da'kness? De Lawd dun say: "Let eberyfing be dun decen'ly an' in o'dah!" *(1 Cor. 14:33-40.)*

Dar yo' is! De hin hab de sense an' politeness to sleep an' let peepuls

sleep! *Big noises am no sign ob big piusness! (1 Cor. 13:1.)*

Did yo' ebah stop to negoshuake de way dat hin scratches de groun' fur de food fur huh baby chickens? *(1 Tim. 4:13-16.)* Dar am dem hin's feets again'! Dar am deep trufes in de Holy Book dat needs to be dug out by deep study: dat am lak skratchin'; hin's feets am made to scratch grabel! *(1 Tim. 6:12-21.)* Dat triflin' roostah sumtimes makes a slight scratchment on de groun' an' den he coax an' call de hin's jes' lak dey wou'd fin' a bushel ob wheat dar in plain sight, but he don' scratch up nuffin wo'th tawkin' about! *(Tit. 2:1-14.)* Ah nebah seed a roostah dig up any feed fur de baby chickens! He jes' make a noise to call de attenshun ob de hin's to his nice long fedahs, an' red comb on his haid! Dar yo' is agin'! Sum ob de peepuls am a makin' a lot ob

noise, but dey nebah scratches up any feed fur de chilluns ob de Lawd! *(2 Tim. 4:1-5.)*

May de Lawd putt into ou' hea'ts de piusness, an' solumness ob de hin; dat keeps bizy an' makes no noise ontell she dun lay de egg!

Am yo' feets lak de hin's feets; er lak de roostah's feets? *(1 Tim. 4:12-16.)*

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CHAPTER X

He Feeds on Ashes.

Isa. 44:20.

Ma brudren an' sistern: Ma tex' am one ob de kin' dat tells de truf wid sweepin' suddentness—an' lets yo' all wondah at de fack dat sum folks dun los' all de sense dey wuz bon'ed wid. *(Ps. 58:28.)* Ma tex' dun say:

> "He feeds on ashes, kase his hea't am deceibed; he dun tu'n aside; an' he cain't delivah his soul."

Now ef a pusson gits up frum de table whah 'possum an' sweet-ta-tahs, watah-millin an' black-berry pie corrugakes de horizon ob de dinin' table, an' goes to de fiah place an' fills his plate wid ashes, an' sots it back on de table, an' makes a grab-

ment ob a spoon; an' begins to ga'gle dem ashes into his stummick; de right 'clushun am—dat his brains am dun on'jinted; an' his 'maginashun dun sprang a leek; an' de digeshun am dun compromised; an de mastikashun am dun conglomerated; an' de semi-colon am dun busted; er de dyspepsy am a gnawin' de paragram to pieces—an' he mout die ob a straybismuss ob de disgreshun! *(Rom. 6:23.)*

Feedin' on ashes am mo' wussah dan eatin' de clay lak de po' white-trash degurikakes way back in de mountings. De Lawd nebah 'speck His chilluns to git blasted wid de mildews ob sech pragmashuns ob de debil! *(1 Tim. 4:1-5.)* Ashes am not de propah feedin's fur de fisikal 'natomy. Dar am not de spessified kemikashuns in ashes fur de elaborashun ob de constitushun! Dar am no carbonakes; no nitrakes er foss-

fakes dat kin fulminake wid de corpuscum ob de paragraff! *(Heb. 5: 11:14.)* Oh ma brudren; de Lawd nebah 'speck any pusson ob soun' min' er norman 'maginashun to feed on ashes in de fiskal er speritule rekonomy! *(1 Cor. 13:11.)*

Now dat Ah has conglomerated dis truf in de reguns ob de stummick ob de fisikal man; Ah feels dat yo' all is superlously loomigated to de p'int ob abstracktin' de truf fur yo' speritule parakardiums. So Ah will now preseed to diaglate dis truf in de speritule rekonomy *(1 Cor. 14:1-20.)*

In de fust instinck; de man dat tu'ns his back on de Gospil an' follers de debil in de deginerake ways of de prancegressah—am a-loadin' his sole down wid ashes; *(Heb. 6: 1-8)*; an' yo' all kno' dat ef yo' fills de ash-hoppah wid ashes, an' den de watah makes a seepment fru dat complikashun—lye dun germikates;

an' lye will pizen de system; persecute de constitushun; blistah de hide; maladake de cerebellum; gloomify de soul; an metafisick de sperit ob de mos' piusess! *(Acts 20:18-32.)* De debil 'specks to tu'n yo' sole into de ash-hoppah; an' den po' de watahs ob sin on dat passel ob ashes; an' strepocockus de speritule rekonomy; an' 'liminake all de piusness an' sweetness frum de sole; an' leabe nuffin but blistahs an chill-brains all fru de afflakus! *(Acts 13:6-12.)* Dis lye frum de debil cums onto sinnahs wid a feroshuss blight; an' dey am unvalidated an' gits so po'ly dat has no longin's fur de Bread an' Watah of Life; an' dar day languishes in de bu'nin' heat ob de desert ob ol' Bellzybug—an' der life goes out lak de tallah-kandle in de cabin at midnight! Oh ma brudren! *(Matt. 5:6.)*

Ef yo all cum to dis place of wo'ship to feed on ashes; den yo

sho circumlokake de 'rong habitashun. *(Matt. 5:14-16)* Don't 'speck me to offah any ashes fru dis *pullpit. (Ps. 147:14.)* Ah runs no ash-hoppah fur ol' Bellzybug; an' de Lawd He nebah use dem fur His chilluns! *(Heb. 13:7-9.)*

In de secon' instinck: Dar am de chu'ch membahs dat feeds on ashes. Dey j'ines de chu'ch lak dey j'ines "De Sons of Ham" er "De Mutual Buryin' 'Sociashun". *But dey nebah j'ines de Lawd by bein' bon'ed agin'!* Dey wants all de public prancements ob de fo'ms ob piusness; dey eben wants to be dekons, eldahs, stewahds an' all de odah 'fishuss places; an' sot in de amen-co'nah an' tell de pastuah dat he am too pussonal; ef he preaches agin' de pet sinnin's ob dese ash-hoppahs; but Ah dun declar' de truf—ef any ob dem fillibustahs am a-sottin' aroun' dis congregashum—Ah am a-gwine to 'splode de Gospel

all obah dis naybo'hood! Ah am not de kin' ob a man to frow de truf obah any ash-hoppah dat gits in de way. *(Matt. 7:13-29.)* Dey kno's no secrit place ob pra'r er powah. *(Jn. 15:7.)* De pollutin's ob de debil am in der souls; an' de ways ob de Lawd dey nebah did kno': but dey wants de highplaces in de cake-wawks; de dances; de chu'ch ob God; de ruckshuns ob de debil; er any place dat will puff up de proudness ob de natchel man. *(Rom. 3:10-18.)* Dey wants de pastuah to preach dem into de City ob God—ef dey dies—an' dey kno's dat der names am not in de Book ob Life. *(I Cor. 2:14.)* Ef de preachah ruminakes dat sech frauds am sergashuatin' aroun' wid de Bright Angel Ban'; an' am on speakin' te'ms wid de profits, an' 'postles; he am so fur frum de truf dat he mout git kotched in de thick brash ob de debil's wilderness an'

nebah git out into de clarin' dis side ob de Jedgement Day! *(2 Tim.3:1-9.)*

De table ob de Lawd am no ash-hoppah! *(Rev. 3:20.)* It am de place whah yo' all kin fin' de feedin' dat putts de fatness on de speritule 'natomy; *(Ps. 63:1-8.)* an' de shoutin' ob joy into de soul! *(Ps. 103:1-22.)* De debil's ashhoppah dun certifies starvashun fur all de po' crittahs he leads into dat Cave ob Adullum. Dar he bring yo' all to de wilde'ness ob sin; an' putt yo' down by de side ob de ash-hoppah; an' den spessify dat sum ob dem imps ob ol' Bellzybug sot dar an' make yo' all swaller pizen ashes all de res' ob yo life! *(2 Cor. 4:3-5.)*

In de closin' instinck: De las' tribe dat feeds on ashes am dem fools dat say dar am no God! *(Ps. 14:1-3.)* Day unto day muttahs a speech an' night onto night shows His wiseness! *(Ps. 19:1-14.)* Ef Ah sees wagons,

buggies, houses, an' banjos—den Ah kno's dat man dun preduced dese trinkits! *(Ps. 115:3-8.)* Ef Ah sees de sun sergashuake fru de pu'kle shaddahs ob de eas' an' shake de mane ob fiah frum his neck; an' sno't de flames ob lightnin' frum his nostrils; an' frow light upon de bannahs ob de mawnin'; ontell all de sta's runs to hide frum his bu'nin' brightness—den at night Ah sees de moon wid full roun' face a-laughin' at de sweet influonces ob dem Pleiades; *(Job 38: 25-33.)* an' sees de sta's a-winkin' at de angels; an' all de sky grows gay an' glad—an' Ah looks at de blossons on de trees; an' de froot so lushuss an' salubul; an' lissens to de songs ob de berds a-singin' lak der lil' hea'ts am a-gwine to bust fur joy; den Ah kno's dat de watah-millin, an' ebery kin' ob berry bendin' bow an' bush am dar at de end ob de jurney—an' Ah says in de fassnesses ob ma soul:

Dese am de playthings ob de Lawd! He dat sots in de Heabens am a-gwine to laff. *(Ps. 2:1-8. Ps. 37:12-15.)* at de Ash-hoppah fambly dat finks dey kno's all de secrits ob time an' eturnity! Dese teachahs in de skools dat tells de chilluns dat dey is frum de monkey an' baboom fambly am eatin' ashes too; an' it seem to me dat dey has a pow'ful big ash-hoppah all fixed fur dem. *(1 Cor. 1:18-31.)* "De wisdum ob dis worl' am foolishness wid de Lawd."

Oh ma brudren; de day am a-cummin' w'en de Books ob God am a-gwine to open; an' will show de feedin's fur ebery day ob de jurney frum dis worl' to de Heabenly worl'. (Rev. *20:11-15.)* Lissen ma brudren; *(Rev. 3:13.)* dem books am a-gwine to snap shet as de Lawd make de pronouncement!

"He fed on ashes; his hea't am deceebed; he am not in de Book ob Life

—Depa't frum me all yo' cussed into eberlastin' fiah—prepa'ed fur de debil an' his angels." *(Matt. 25:41.)*

An' away dey goes into de place of weepin' an' wailin' an' gnashin' ob teef! Oh ma brudren: let me call yo' all to de place of salvashun befo' de Day ob Jedgment dun break loose an' sweep yo' outen reach! *(Matt. 14: 37-50.)*

Don't let it be said dat yo' all dun fed on ashes! *(Matt. 14:13-14.)*

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CHAPTER XI

De Speckle' Berd

Jer. 12:9

Ma pius brudren an' sancktimonious sistern: Ma tex' fur dis ockashun am one dat paragrams de peepuls whahebah de Gospil am disgo'ged frum de *pullpit*. De ol' Profit seem to feel dat dar wuz sum chilluns ob Zion dat wuz so pius an' pow'ful in der libin' dat dey seem to de chilluns ob ol' Bellzybug jes' lak de speckle' berd —ef dey imposed derse'fs on de highway; 'mung de common run ob peepuls. *(Ps. 40:1-5.)* Ah hea's too many peepuls say dat dey wants der chilluns lak all de odah chilluns no mattah how triflin' an' disobeyin' de res' ob de chilluns am. Ef yu' cou'd sot up a good zample fur yo' chilluns, den dar wou'd be sum p'int in want-

in' dem to be lak de res'. *(Eph. 4: 17-32.)*

Now dat Ah mout loomigate dis tex' to de mos' segmashuss prospe'ity Ah wants to ejackulake sum facks to dis congregashun! *(Eph. 2:1-13.)*

De natchell black-berd am black; and de natchel crow am black; an' phenomigashun am augmented ef yo' all sees a white-black-berd a-messin' aroun' de flock; an' a white crow am a jubuss hoodoo—ef he flies obah yo' lef' shouldah in de mawnin'—er obah yo' right shouldah in de ebnin'! De res' ob de berds seems to feel dat de speckle' one don't b'long to de flock; an' dey crowds aroun' de speckle' one an' fusses an chattahs at him; an' seems to say "Git away frum heah! Yo' all don't hab no condulgence wid ussens!" Now ma brudren; dat am de loomigashun ob dis tex'. De Lawd 'specks His chilluns to be so clean an' pius dat dey looks out ob place in

a worl' lake dis one! *(Heb. 11:8-16.)* Der home am in de skies; dey am pill-grums an' strangahs heah! Ef dey explo' Afriky, er Chiny, er Englun', er de Newnited States er Texas dey am exposed to look lak speckle' berds; kase dey am so different frum de chilluns ob ol' Bellzybug. *(Col. 2: 7-8.)* De Lawd dun say He 'speck dem to be peculiah peepuls—gelus ob good wo'ks. He dun call His chill-uns "a royal pries'-hood," an' dis am de same as speckle berds! *(1 Pet. 2:9-12.)* Dar am nuffin' to be gained by bein' lak de debil's chilluns—'ceptin' a bad name an' a so' haid; an' a bad cha'actah; an' a pass-po't to predishun! *(1 Pet. 4:12-19.)* Is yo' all 'shamed to own yo' Lawd? *(Matt. 19:27-29.)* Den He will be 'shamed ob all sech feeble chilluns w'en He cums to make up His joolery! *(Mk. 8:34-38.)* De Lawd dun say de saints am a-gwine to jedge angels! *(1 Cor.*

6:2-3.) Dat am de joobilee time fur de speckle berds! *(Rev. 7:9-17.)* Yo' all caint be speckle' berds an' nabigate wid de debil's chilluns in de ways ob de worl'; whah yo' all looks lak dem; acks lak dem; sees lak dem; feels lak dem; an' smells lak dem—wid all dat *must* dat yo' gits at de drug-sto'—dat yo' kin smell fur fo'-teen blocks down de street! *(1 Jn. 2: 15-17. Jas. 4:3-4.)* Yo' caint honah de Lawd ef yo' fails to putt on de speckle' fedahs! *(Eph. 4:22-32.)* De chilluns ob dis worl' tawks about joy; but dey don' know nuffin' about Joy-Highway! *(Rom. 3:17-18.)* Dey speaks ob bliss—but dey nebah trabel on Bliss Avenew. Dey tawks ob happiness; but dey nebah foun' Happy Valley! *(Gal. 5:22-23.)* Dat place am chock full ob speckle' berds; an' dey am a-shoutin' an' singin' an' am all 'speckin' de Lawd to light up de sky wid de brightness ob His Glory

as He cums agin' to call His speckle' berds to der Home in de sky! *(Heb. 10:37.)* We wont hab long to wait fur de angels to romp aroun' on de rainbows; an' frow kisses at de saints in glory! *(Rom. 11:15-17.)* Say brudren; cut yo' optikashum sha'p to de sky, an' see by faif all de speckle' berds ob paradise a risin' frum dis earf in one gran' passel an' den flyin' fru de blue, an pu'kle, an green, an red ob de sky; an lan' right at de frunt-do' ob Heaben, an' heah de Lawd say: "Cum yo' blessed ob Ma Fadah; entah into de joy ob de Lawd." *(Matt. 25:34.)* All de speckle' berds am a-gwine to hab pa't in de proceedin's ob great joy, as de Joobilee breaks loose in de City ob God! *(Rev. 7:9-15.)*

Ah specks to meet dat pius speckle' berd Mistah Danel; an' Ah will sho ax him how he feel w'en de chilluns ob Bellzybug frow him into dat den

ob lions. Den Ah will fin' dem young gemmens dat got frowed into dat fiahy fu'nace; den atah axin' dem about der wives an' chilluns; Ah will pe'colate down one ob dem golding streets: an' dar will be dat famussess speckle' berd ob all—ol' Mistah Jony —dat dun git swallered by dat awful sea-monstrous! Ah am a-gwine to ax him ef he died inside ob dat crittah; kase he say sum wo'ds dat makes sum ob de White men dat reads Hebrew an' Shebrew an' Greek feel dat he wuz riz frum de daid jes' lak de Lawd wuz! *(Jon. 2:1-10.)* Ma ol' Massah reads all ob dem—an' he tell me—he 'specks Jony wuz daid in de belly ob dat great monstrous—but de Lawd raise him up frum 'mung de daid.

Ah 'specks Ah will meet dat pow'-ful speckle' berd—ol' King David dat kill dat triflin' Goliah; an' 'rit de Samms; an' wuz sech a mighty king. *(Ps. 23.)* It will look predashuss to

see yo' ol' pastuah a-sottin' dar by de side ob de king; an' nobody kin cum up an' tell me to git away frum dar! Ef we all am speckle' berds in glory; nobody am gwine to know ef we wuz Niggahs down on dis earf or not. *We all am to be lak de Lawd; (1 Jn. 3:2.) an' dat fixes us all in de pe'feckshun ob bewty!* It soun' lak all ob us am a-gwine to be bewtiful! We am promised dat 'we will see de King in His bewty'; den de promuss reads: 'We shall be lak Him fur we shall see Him as He is'! Do yo' all git de full signifness ob dat truf? Ef He am bewtiful; an' we am to be lak Him; den Ah will wake up in glory as bewtiful as de bes' ob de White-folks! Halleluyah!

Oh ma brudren w'en Ah thinks ob de many famuss speckle' berds up dar—an' all de milluns ob yea's dat we will hab to nabigate dem streets ob gol' an' lissen to de new songs;

an' de angels plecktorakin' on de ha'ps ob a thousan' strings—Ah has a ha'd time to settle down to common life lak dis am in dis worl: Ah wants to go home to be wid de Lawd: an' see de absen' ones frum dis congrega-shun—dat we has tooken to de bury-in'place! Dis worl' am a mighty po' place—ef yo' counts all de sickness an' pain an' sadness, sin an' dyin'! *(Isa. 59:1-17.)* Dis ol' worl' am a-gwine to kotch on fiah sum ob dese days—God kno's it! *(Mal. 4:1-3.)* Dar wuz ol' Mistah Lot; he pitch his tent towa'd Sodum; den he move into Sodum; den Sodum dun move into him; an' de debil dun kotch his wife an' all de chilluns! It wou'd hab bin mo' bettah ef dem fool gals ob his'n had kotch on fiiah an' bu'ned up in Sodum; er tu'ned onto salt; er sugah; er peppah! De debil sho make dem de lowest down crittahs dat de Bible tells about! *(Gen. 18-19.)* Yo' all

caint hang aroun' de edge ob Sodum an' not kotch sum kin' ob debilment! Ef yo' pas' am full ob failin' den make de present full ob salvashun an de futuah will be full ob vickory! De ol' debil nebah dies; but he runs! We caint kill de debil—but de Lawd say dat he will flee frum us—ef we submit to God; Oh brudren: de Lawd say dat he will flee frum us— *ef we submit to God! (Jas. 4:7.) Has yo' all submitted?*

Dis am a strange ol' worl' anyhow! De sweetness ob life am jes' de restin' time ob de bittahness! Joy am de vakashun ob sorrow! Happoness am de sleepin' time ob mizery! Good health am de time w'en diseases am off a'drinkin' de wusses pizens in de cup of deaf! Sunshine am but de time w'en de shaddahs am off a-dippin' deepes' in de black paint ob gloom! Ol' Beelzebug dun made a mess ob dis worl' w'en he crope into

de Ga'ding ob Eding! *De Lawd wou'd kill de debil today but it wou'd leabe too many o'phants in dis worl'*—de debil sho hab a pow'ful big fambly all oba'h de worl'. *(Rev. 20:10.)*

Ma brudren an' sistern: Ef dar wuz no life beyon' de grabe; no hope beyon' de toom'; no resurreckshun frum among de daid; no meetin' de blessed Lawd across de ribbah; no meetin' ob de absen' lubed ones· Ah is ob de unanimous opinyun dat dis life am too full ob sorrow, an' pain, an' deep hea't wounds, an' seein' de dreams ob youf an' ol' age 'splode lak a fiah-cracklin' wid all de vows ob fideliment broken', an' eben de human min' totah an' reel on its flag-pole, an' crash to de vortexins ob unsanity; an' den de teahs, akes, sicknesses, mizeries, sadments, goodbyes, crimes, an' agony ob soul dat sweeps fru de homes ob de White an' de Black peepuls; to be wo'th libin' in! *(Rom.*

1:16-32.) Ah kin fin' witnesses to tell de cou't dat dis worl' am a pesky place! De ol' debil hab 'sploded damnashun an' deaf all obah de place; an' yo' all sho gwine to step in de miah cl'ar up to yo' chin—ef yo' don' watch out! But Ah reads in de Holy Book dat de day am a-cummin' w'en de Lawd am a-gwine to renovake dis worl' *(2 Pet. 3:10-14.)* frum all de tea's; de sickness; deaf; pain; cryin'; an' all de weepin's will be wipe' away. *(Rev. 21:1-4.)*

Failuah am de recko'd ob dis race. De debil dun make all de tr'uble dat he kin fur ebery one ob ussens. He makes faults 'ligions; so he kin kotch de po' fools dat am willin' to git into his traps. *(2 Pet. 2:17-22.)* De ol' profits ob Baal dun cut der whiskahs an' ha'r roun' so der faces wou'd look lak de sun; *(Lev. 19:28.)* now dat am face 'ligion but not hea't 'ligion! Whiskahs an' ha'r caint take de place

ob piousness in de sole! *(1 Sam. 16:7.)* De tru' speckle-berds hab hope an' faif, an' am not 'pen'in on de cut ob de ha'r er whiskahs to git dem into Heaben! Dey am trustin' de Lawd Hisse'f to take dem fru de gates ob glory! *(Eph. 2:8-9.)*

How many ob dis flock to-day kin say outen de inside ob yo' hea'ts dat yo' has on de speckle-fedahs? Am yo' all a-gwine to weah dem speckle-feddahs fru de res' ob de jurny? *(Acts 21:13.)*

Let de worl' 'spise; an' mock: an' blasfeem; but Ah is out to trable in de way of King Jesus ontell Ah sees Him face to face; an' den Ah 'specks to shout all obah God's Heaben!! Halleluyah! *(1 Thess. 5:23.)*

Le's arose; an' sing dat song:

"All God's chilluns got shoes!" an' den we will be remissed an' ruminake to ou' homes to mastikake de truf dat de Lawd hab disgo'ged frum dis *pull-*

pit dis mawnin': an' may de peace ob God fill yo' souls to obah-flowin' an' de grace ob God tote yo' all fru de gloom, an' fog; an' trials to the gates ob de City ob God. *(Rev. 21:10-27.)*

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CHAPTER XII

Witches an' Sperit-Megiums

Lev. 19:41

Ma brudren an' sistern an' smilin' chilluns ob dis congregashun: De ol' debil am de mos' cunnin' va'mint in all dis univuss! Ef he caint make yo' all low-down; pesky; vile; triflin'; mean an' filthy in yo' habits den he am out to git yo' to foller sum ob his chilluns dat cums aroun' wid de emitashuns ob de Lawds truf to lock yo' in his decepshuns, an' drag yo' down to de fiahs ob predishun! *(Col. 2: 8-10. 2 Cor. 11:13-15.)*

Dar wuz one ob dem pesky chilluns ob Bellzybug down on Ma'ket Squah in a lil' tent, an' he say dat de Niggahs co'd sot in back ob de White fo'ks; so Ah went in to heah de wo'ds he mout gyrate to de lil' congrega-

shun dat 'sembled. He wuz heavin' out de debil's trash frum dat pullpit! *(Eph. 4:14.)* He stood dar on dat flatfo'm an' look pius an' smack his lips; *an' smole a smile dat no pius man will smole!* His eyes wuz a kwinklin' lak snakes eyes w'en dey is atah de berds! *(Jas. 3:5-10.)* Dis triflin' chile ob Bellzybug dun promus dat he kin read de lettahs dat de peepuls write an' seals up in de 'velopes widout tearin' dem opun! An' jes' den one ob de culled wimmin' riz up an' say as she pass me: "Ef he hab sech sha'p eyes as all dat: dis haint no place fur a decent culled lady to bin; 'ceptin' she am dressed up in a wooden dress about fo' inches thick." An' Ah says—as she dun sergashuate pass me: *(Eph. 5:1-12.)* "Dat am de truf!" But Ah wuz dar doin' detecktin' wo'k so Ah kin tell me peepuls sum ob de decepshuns ob de debil! Dis he-witch dun stan' up

dar an' laff about hell; an' laff about Heaben; an' laff about bein' saved. *(Ps. 14:1-3.)* He say dat nobody am saved no mo'dan he am! Well ef dat am true den no pusson am saved; fur dat chile ob Bellzybug wuz full ob de debil frum his feets to his lil' simlin' haid! (Rom. 16:17-18.) All he say am faultments ob de debil! Ah stan's fur de whol' omelet ob truf; an' dis am ma flatfo'm! *Ef de saint ob God dies—he am sho gwine to wake up in Heaben! (Lk. 16:22.) Ef de chile ob de debil dies—he sho gwine to wake up in hell! (Lk. 16:23.)* Ah wants to pyrokake dese trufs into de deepes' abcesses ob yo' parakardiums! *(2 Cor. 5:1-21.)*

Dat trifflin' chile ob Bellzybug stan' dar an' tell de peepuls dat de sperits ob de daid fo'ks dun cums back to sergashuake aroun' de frin's an' 'lashions to tell dem all de news about whah dey is; *(Heb. 12:17-24.)* an'

how hot it am; er how col' it am; er how many berds dar am on de frunt po'ch ob de manshun ob King David in de New Jeruzalum; an' how many bees swa'm in Palustime: an' how many frogs dar am in Texas; an' how many ob de Kloo-Klux-Klam am a-cummin' on de da'k ob de moon to monopolize sum ob de shifless pussons in dis naybohood; er to rattle de tables; er to sen' g'osties into rooms whah dar am no lights; er to make de chai's jump aroun' lak dey is skeered; er to git lettahs frum daid pussons on slates in de da'k rooms; er to tell pussons whar dar am gol' in de groun'—ef yo' all pay dem enuff money; er tell whah de los' hoss dun migrate to; er tell who de ol' mewl am a-gwine to kick nex'! Now de debil am de boss ob dis fraudulashun! *(Rev. 16:13-15.)* De Lawd dun say:

"Rega'd not dem dat has a familuss sperit!" *(Lev. 19:31.)*

"De sole dat runs atah necromancahs an' dem dat has familuss sperits. *(Rev. 16:13-15.)* De Lawd dun say: Ah will cut him off frum amung his peepul!" *(Lev. 20:6.)*

"Dar mus' not be foun' amung yo' all any pusson dat make his chilluns pass fru fiah, er uses divinahshun er auguries; er am a onchantah; er sorcerah; er a cha'mah; er axes atah dem dat has de sperit ob Python—dat am de debil's familuss sperit—er a soofsayah: er one dat consults wid de daid: fur all dem pussons am a abominashun to de Lawd! *(Deut. 18:11.)*

Now ma brudren an' sistern: Ah dun sot up befo' yo' all de Jedgments ob de Lawd agin' dese debilish chilluns: so dar am no true chile ob de Lawd dat runs aroun' atah dese familuss sperits! Peepuls dat plays aroun' daid fo'ks—an' sperits dat runs aroun' dem am not frum Heaben but from de Pit—de abyss—de place

whah de angels am dat kep' not der fus' estate am a-waitin' to swa'm out ob de smoke as locuses. *(Rev. 9:1-11.)*

Sech trash de Lawd wanted stoned to deaf! Ef we wuz libin in de days ob de law ob God—instid ob de days ob de grace ob God all sech triflin' chilluns ob ol' Bellzybug an' all de debil's fambly dat pollutikakes de truf ob God by sottin' up faultsments wou'd be tooken out an' stoned to deaf all obah dis worl' dis instinck! *(Deut. 13:1-18.)*

Dem low-down trash-totahs pizens all de peepuls dat gits tangulated wid dem: an' dey gits narvus an' sallow faced; an' in de da'k ob de night ef a mouse squeaks; dey jumps outen de bed an' shivahs an' cries:

"Oh dar am ma repa'ted Mammy a-callin' fur me!"

Ef de do' squeaks on its hinges kase it needs sum axle-grease: er de

win' raises in de night an' makes a mo'nin' soun' dey cums a-runnin' wid der eyes lookin' lak owls eyes; an says:

"Did yo' all heah ma Ant Mandy a-callin' me?"

Ef de ol' houn' gits lonesum in de night an' begins to bay at de moon—dar dey cums a flyin' fru de rooms weepin' an' wailin' lak a hodgoblum sayin':

"Oh-oo! Ah wuz awokened outen a deep sleep by ma repa'ted Gran'-pappy callin' to me to cum out on de back po'ch an' convarse wid him about de sperit worl'!"

De ol' houn' shets up w'en he heahs human voices—kase he am hopin' he mout git a bone ef he am quiet—an' feerin' dat he mout git a brick ef he howls any mo' in de night!

De sperits ob de saints has jes' de same sense atah deaf dat dey dun had befo' dey lef' dis worl' (an' dat

haint sayin' much fo' sum sperits). Now brudren: yo' 'lashuns nebah made soshibul calls on yo' all at free er fo' o'clock in de night befo' dey die: an' yo' kin' 'pen' on it—dey am not a-gwine to cum sergashuatin' aroun' an' wake yo' all outen yo' well-ea'ned sleep to make de chattahin's ob owls an' g'osties in de blackes' hou's ob de night!

Dem peepuls dat gits tangulated up wid dis Bellzybug nonsense loses all de leetle sense dat dey wuz bo'ned wid—an' dat wuzn't much—er dey wo'd onscramble derse'fs frum dat rubbish! Dey gits so shaky an' nar-vus dat ef de skeetahs swa'ms into de bedroom at night an' sings obah der empty haids: Heah dey cums a flyin' frum der room wid der teef chattahin' an' tea's on der cheeks sayin': "Oh Ah wuz jes' awokened by de Bright-Angel-Ban' a singin' de sweetes' songs ob Heaben: it wuz sho

splendorodious! Ah co'd see all ma re-pa'ted 'lashuns an' frien's!" Oh, ma brudren an sistern ef de debil pizens yo soles; an' freezes yo' brains; an' peterfies yo' hea'ts to de horrowfyin' state dat 'skeetahs caint be ontangled frum angels in der singin'—den it sho am de sign dat de cerebellum am onj'inted frum de cortex; an' de clavicle am coagulated wid de diagram; an' de parakardium am circumnambulated wid de convolushun!

Dar wuz dat lil' fo' yeah ol' gal in de home ob one ob dem pussons dat had dem familuss sperits, an' she tol' de lubly lil' gal dat de sperits wuz always in de room; ef she putt huh to bed. So one night de lil' gal had bin putt to bed; an' atah about a haff hou' had pass; she crope down de stai's whar huh Mammy wuz visitin' wid de naybo's dat had cum in to gossip about all de res' ob de peepuls in de town. De lil' gal say: "Oh Mam-

my; is yo' all sho dat de sperits am in de room; an' in de bed wid me?" An' huh Mammy say: "Oh yes, Honey; dem sperits am right dar in de room: in de bed: undah de kivahs all wa'm an' cozy as yo is." De lil' gal look sad an' pius an' exklamake: "Oh Mammy: Ah 'specks dat dey is what am a-bitin' me den!" Dar you is; ma brudren! De sperits ob de saints am not ruminatin' aroun' de naybo'hood in de night a-bitin' sweet lil' gals as dey tries to go to sleep!

De witches am de lowes' trash de debil kin migrate aroun' de town! Dey lubs to gyrake aroun' ha'nted houses an' ba'ns; an' dey pyrokakes all de scariferous tales about g'osties to de wimmins an' chilluns; an' shatahs de narvus constitushion; an' sprains de braveness ob de chilluns so dat dey is afeered ob de da'k; an dey almos' gits lokomoshuss-taxashuns ef dey

sees de shaddahs er heahs de owl in de trees!

De debil sho want to make all de tr'uble he kin in dis worl'; an' he am out to make war twixt de peepuls in all de nashuns! De peepuls dat wo'ks am bein' tol' by sum ob de chilluns ob ol' Bellzybug dat dey mus' go on a strak! Rob de shops! Ruin de 'chines! Sot fiah to de houses! Kill de peepuls dat owns de banks an' play de fool in gin'ral! Dem low-breeds ob de debil calls de'se'fs "Soshulists." De bes' Ah kin loom-igate dis: am de follerin': *De Soshulist am de Dimmycrat atah de mewl dun kick his brains out!* De worl' needs no tawkin' er wawkin' delekakes! Dis ol' worl' needs de Lawd in powah in de hea'ts ob de peepul to take out lyin'; stealin'; killin'; a'son'; an' all de res' ob de sins ob de human hea't!

Feed yo' souls on de foddah dat am

foun' in de green past'es by de side ob de still watah; an' hol' de cup, stidy—kase it sho am a-gwine to obah-flow! *(Ps. 23.)* Sholy goodness an' mussy will foller yo' all days ob yo' life an' yo' shall dwell in de House ob de Lawd furebah!

Ah wants no chilluns ob ol' Bellzybug fur ma company! None ob de witches; er wizards; er infidells; er imps ob da'kness aroun' ma house er ma chilluns!

Let ma las' en' be lak de saint ob God! *(Num. 23:10.)*

"Ma'k de puffeck man; an' behol' de upright: fur de en' ob dat man am peace!" *(Ps. 37:37.)*

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CHAPTER XIII

Pharow King ob Egyp' Am But a Noise.

Jer. 46:17

Ma brudren an' sistern: Ah nebah foun' mo' joy in readin' a tex' to yo' all dan Ah does dis instinck. Dese wo'ds tells us jes' w'at de Lawd dun has to say about ol' Pharow de king ob Egyp'! Ah dun tol' yo' all about dat triflin' lan'; kase it am ol' Bellzybugs lan' an' am a-gwine to be his lan' ontell de Lawd mo'follokakes de Jews back into de Holy Lan', an' den sum day He am a-gwine to expu'gate all de nastiness an' debilment outen dat lan'. *Oh Lawd hurry up, an' prefo'm dat jubuss wo'k! (Jer. 30: 1-24. 31:1-40.)* Ma tex' dun exklamake de followin' langwidge:

PHAROW AM BUT A NOISE

"Pharow king ob Egyp' am but a noise."

Now brudren dar wuz a whol' passel ob Pharows; an' Ah nebah diskivah ef dis wuz de Pharow dat wuz mean to de Lawd's chilluns in de days ob Moses; er jes' one ob de common Pharows dat emigrated down de fambly saplin', ontell he dun cumbah de groun', *an' de Lawd say to Nebuchadnezzah;* "Cut him down; why do he cumbah dis lan'?"

Dis triflin' Pharow sho lif' his pizen han' agin' de Lawd's 'ninted peepuls; but de Lawd dun certify dat he am but a noise! Not musick; not singin'; not de banjo—wid its famuss melodashuns; not de gittah—wid its sweet ha'monashuns; not de o'gan—wid its glor'uss celebrashuns ob de songs ob Zion; not de dulcimah—wid its glowin' ramikashuns ob de wo'ship ob de Lawd in de Chu'ch ob God; not de fiddle wid its 'lecktrick spa'k

ob tuneful segementashuns dat makes de feets jump all direckshuns—ef ol' Bellzybug still owns dem feets! "*Pharow am but a noise!*" Dat am de solum langwidge ob dis tex! He wuz mo' lak de big drum dat de man beats wid his big mallick in de brass-ban'. Pharow wuz jes' plain ag'avatin' noise! Yo' all kno's dat de chilluns kin romp an' holler, an' stir up de rousements ob childish joy in der play—but dar am pu'puss in de rompin's ob de sweet lil' chilluns! Oh ma brudren; Ah wou'd gib all dis worl' ef Ah cou'd take in ma a'ms de sweet lil' chile dat jes' stay long enuff to tie de co'ds ob lub all aroun' ma hea't; an' den de Bright Angel-Ban' dun swang low an' steal him away frum his play, an' his lubin' pappy an' mammy; an' on, —on—obah de sta's he fly into de track dat ol' Lygy dun trabel w'en he wuz tooken to Glory in de charyut ob fiah! *(2 Ki. 2:1-18.)* Pharow am

not de noise ob de innosent playin' chile; but jes' de noisy noise, dat stu's up a rukuss fur de lub ob de rukuss! Dem noises am de tantalizin' produck ob de simlin'-haided, er de triflin' dat want to ma' de peace ob de sole; er po' tu'kentime on wounds in de hea't! Dat am de kin' ob a noise makah ol' Mistah Pharow wuz. It seems dat de debil had him rize up outen dat lan' ob blackness an' sin; an' jes' bray lak de mewl to make hisse'f a pow'ful vexment to de Lawd ob glory, an' to de chilluns ob Zion! *(Ex. 5:1-15.)* Ol' Bellzybug dun speshulate in makin' noises in all de ages; an' he uses sum ob his chilluns in dis naybohood to vex de Lawd an' all de pius peepuls ob dis congregashun!

Brudren: Ah 'specks dat ol' Bellzybug am de one dat sen's de g'osties into de lof' ob de house; an' makes noises cum fru de cracks ob

de flo', an' he tries de skeeriferous tricks to make de trablin' saints feel jubuss as dey goes home late at night frum de meetin'-house. *Dem weered noises in de grabe-ya'd am Bellzybug noises.* Sum ob yo' Niggahs dun totes de rabbits foot to 'liminate de hoodoo! Brudren: no rabbit as big as a mewl kin skeer de debil—but de Name ob Jesus will make him stan' back an' shake an' trimble lak he had chills an' febah! *(Acts 16:16-32.)* De chilluns ob ol' Bellzybug am a noise jes' lak ol' Pharow wuz. De debil blow dem jes' lak de man blows de ho'n in de brass-ban'. *(Jn. 8:44.)* Am de debil a-blowin' yo' all aroun' dis town? Ef yo' am one ob dem drinkin', cussin', kin'—den prackti-lake yo' se'f as one ob de debil's noise-makahs! He owns yo' all frum yo' feets to yo' haid! Yo' am jes' a noise! *(Job 24:12-17.)*

How sweet am de musick ob de

singin' berds in de springtime! How Ah lubs to heah dem sing der camp-meetin' songs ob praise frum de tree-tops. Dar am no hypocrites in de berd fambly! Ef dey sings dey am full ob praise. *Ef de cat pu's den yo' kno' dat she am vibratin' happoness in de paragram!* Ef de mewl brays dar am de 'sploshun ob joy in de tinpanick ob de constitushun; an' it might-nigh busts de whol' solo-system ob de crittah! But ma brudren; dar am a nobul pu'pose in dat agonatin' 'temp ob de mewl to 'spress de musick dat am gyratin' in de soul. *We kin complikake de brayin' ob de mewl as jes' de step-chile ob musick—dar haint no ackshuall relashunship 'twix' dat brayin' an' musick.* Ef de bough sighs on de trees, dat mout be sadness ob de whol' tree fambly—amou'nin' fur de daid trees dat got cut down; er bu'nt up—er bit by sum ob de insecks dat totes tree-killin' pizen

in der haids. Dar am a holy pu'-puss in de sighin' ob de bough.

Dar am no conneckshun 'twix' de sighin' ob de bough an' de noise ob ol' Pharow. Dar am de singin' ob de lokuss; de katydid; de grasshoppah an' de res' ob de singin' crittahs. Ah specks dey am a-singin' fur de Lawd; an' Ah 'specks mo' dan dat. Lissen; w'ile Ah uses de 'speckin' repa'tment ob ma min': Ah 'specks dat dem crittahs dat runs aroun' by night an' sings on de wing, (Ps. 148:1-10.) an' in de trees all sees de Lawd an' de holy angels; an' de seein' ob all de lubly angels an' de blessed Lawd dun causes de paragram to sprang a leek ob happoness an' joy; an' it makes a 'scapement fru de vocashun co'ds! *(Ps. 105:6.)* Ma brudren, *Ah am sad to hab to say dat Ah am not sho whah de owl fambly segmentakes in dis co'po'ashun.* Dem lil' owls an' de big hootin' owls makes pow'ful

skeeriferous noises in de da'kness ob de night. De col' chills chases up an' down yo' back-bone ef dem trimblin' noises ob de lil' owl sergashuates fru de trees in de woods as yo' all am a ramblin' home atah sum meetin'; but oh, ma brudren; ef dat big owl wid ho'ns on his haid lets loose dat palsyfyin' "Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" free times right abuv yo' haid, no Niggah dat wuz ebah bo'ned kin keep his feets on de groun' in de same spot at de same time in de conste'nashun dat de doleful soun' pracktilakes into de deepes' abcesses ob his soul! Dem laigs gyrakes dem feets lak dey had ball-bearin' j'ints at de hips; an' ball-an'-socket j'ints at de knees; an' greased hinges at de ankles; an' feets made outen puah rubbah, dat bounces yo' 'natomy obah fences, rocks, rills, brash-piles, an' templed hills! Ah has looked de big hoot owl squar' in de eyes jes' oncet! An

de back ob de inside ob ma haid dun got a jubuss feelin', an' it bu'ns as Ah menshuns dat owl in dis message! *Ah feels dat de owls mout be step-chilluns ob ol' Bellzybug!* Dey sings de lugoobruss songs ob de grabe-ya'd; an' de high-trible wail ob de g'osties. But dis tex' nebah say dat de owl am a noise: but *ol' Pharow am a noise!*

Now brudren, dar am de cow. De cow as a singah am a sudden fail-uah! Dat caff mout say her mammy am a pow'ful singah; but Ah wants no cow in de choir ob dis chu'ch ob God! De Lawd nebah say de cow am a noise; but *ol' Pharow am a noise.*

Reflexikake de dog fambly. Dar am no musick in dat jubuss fambly 'ceptin' de houn'; an' dat cums ef he am out in de mounting fassnin's chasin' de sly ol' fox; an' den ef his voice stracks de hill-sides; an' bounces off lak a rubbah-ball; an' gits

all tangled up wid de buds, de leabes, de blossoms, an' de lim's ob de trees; an' den splashes obah de rays ob de sunlight; er slides down de top ob de moonbeam; an' grazes de sta'light; er stumbles obah a rain-bow; an' makes de watah-millin's trimble on de vines; an' de punkin's roll on de groun'; an' de valleys laff ontell dey shakes de hill-sides; an' de 'simmons smile at de sweet-tatah vines in de fiel's—den—oh ma pius brudren—dar am musick in de dog fambly; an' de fox-houn' am de primin'-donny ob de dog fambly! But dar am de tu'ible savageness ob de bull-dog as he am a-sottin' lak de Day of Jedgment in de chicken roos'—as yo' all slips inside fru de do' an' meets him fo' a sho't instinck—an den dat low growl dat sen' dem shivahs all fru yo' 'natomy; an' about dat time yo' am sho dat yo' am not facin' any membah ob de singin' tribe; an' ef yo' has

any moshun in yo' j'ints; er any springness in yo' insteps; er commoshun in yo' 'natomy yo' am a-gwine to o'dain yo'se'f to make a divo'ce frum yo'se'f an' dat bull-dog—an' many am de reah-hibil'aments ob de breeches dat am lef' in de mouf ob de onmusickal bull-dog on jes' sech ockashuns! Ma tex' say nuffin' about de bull-dog bein' a noise; but *ol' Pharow am a noise!*

Dar am de onpius rattle-snake dat makes a rattlement dat am ap' to take all de bravness dat yo' all saturakes, ef yo' look him in de eyes; but de Lawd nebah say de rattle-snake am a noise; but *ol' Pharow am a noise!* Sum ob dis congregashun am a-wonderin' w'y Ah promulgates all dese crittahs into dis lubrikashun ob de tex'; it am dis: Dat triflin' Pharow wuz lowah down in debilment dan de cat; de mewl; de dog; de owl er de rattle-snake—an yo' sinnahs

dat am a-followin' ol' Bellzybug am on de same road dat lan' ol' Pharow into de pit ob Sable Gloom! Yo' am a noise lak ol' Pharow; an' de debil am 'shamed ob a whol' passel ob de sinnahs ob dis worl'; kase dey am so low down dat dey brings a lastin' dusgrace on his fambly! *(Ps. 68:1-2.)*

Am yo' all a-gwine to keep on bein' a noise? De Lawd kin make yo' all into a song ob deelight; an' a shout ob praise *(Ps. 148:1-14)*—fur de angels an' saints sings fur joy ef a sinnah tu'ns to de Lawd an' has his name rit in de Book ob Life! Ma name am dar! Halleluyah! Am yo' name in dat Book? *(Ps. 65:1-13.)*

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CHAPTER XIV

JUDAS ISCARION.

John 13:30.

Ma brudren an' sistern: Ah am pedigreed dis ebenin' to gyrake on de vilements ob *dat triflin' Judas Iscarion.* Ob all de sabul acks ob tra'to'ment an' pus'lanimussness dat de human race ebah historikated—de wo'k ob Judas in selling' de Blessed Lawd fur thi'ty pieces ob silvah—an' placin' dat pizen kiss on His face—wuz de sabuless an' lowes' in all de hist'ry ob de worl'. Dat triflin' Judas mus' hab bin about ha'f man; an' ha'f dog; an' ha'f debil; an' ha'f mangoose; an ha'f rattle-snake; an' ha'f mud-tu'kle to prefo'm sech outlandish horifikashun! *(Prov. 27:6.)* De whol' worl' nebah epigram sech debilment befo'! Nebah wuz sin so

sinful; er weekedness so weeked; er bribin' so bribified; er a kiss prostatushuned to sech a low lebel as w'en dat sarpent Judas putt his pizen lips to de cheeks ob de blessed Lawd. *(Matt. 26:46-49. Mk. 14:43-45. Lk. 22:47-48.)*

Do de alligato' kiss de tu'kledove? Do de tu'key-buzza'd kiss de berd of pa'adise? *Do de flowah-lak White gal in de big-house on de plantashun kiss de mewl?* Den ax me why dat breed ob debilment Judas Iscarion dun kiss de Lam' ob God? *(Prov. 29:10.)* Ma soul am 'palled wid de mendashuss noxikashun ob dat Judas! De mo' Ah medikakes on dis deraleckashun to good mo'als; de mo' Ah wondahs how man cou'd drap so low in de scaliness ob gin'ral cussedness. Ef yo' all seeks to fin' any signs ob grabitube zibitin' in dat beas' ob sin—Judas—yo' sho am on a col' trail!

Dar haint no tracks made dar by Judas. *(Gal. 6:7-8)* How cou'd mo'tal man drap so low-down dat foxes, an' rats, an' mouses, an' weasels, an' badgahs an 'possums, an' hogs all has to clim down hill cl'ar to de bottom ob de lowes' sink-hole to spy out de bogs whah Judas dun drap into—atah he sell de Lawd fur blood-money! Dat wuz de cowa'ds ack, an' de wo'k ob de fowl-deceibah! *(Gal. 5:19-21.)*

Ef dat triflin' Judas wawk down de alley behime Big Bethel de da'kes' night de moon wuz ebah absen' frum; he wou'd hab to tote two wezels undah his a'ms to git de dogs to ba'k at him! *(Prov. 25:19.)* Ah wishes dat Ah had de langwidge ob Gabrul de Ark-angel—so Ah cou'd 'splode disgus' an' 'probrium all obah de remnants ob de Judas tribe; ef Ah ebah seed one ob dat meazly fambly

cummin' along de road! *(Prov. 27: 22.)*

Ma' tex' dun gloomigake de las' steps ob dat son ob predishun! *"An' Judas went out, an' it wuz night."* *(Prov. 29:1.)*

Oh ma feerin' lam's ob Zion; let de fack emba'm into yo' souls dat it wuz night wid his cha'achtah; it wuz night wid his hea't; it wuz night wid his soul; it wuz night wid his mind: it wuz night wid his sperit; it wuz night wid his body! De horrows ob hell cum lak a delooge fru his 'strackted soul; an' de da'kness wuz so bleek an' blisterin', dat a 'petual sickness strak his hea't an' *ol' Bellzybug look him straight in de face an' laff sech a feerful laff dat de blood dun friz in his veins;* an' he tu'n an' run wid de madness ob a jubuss maniack an' make a grabment ob a rope, an' swing it obah a lim'; an' slip it obah his

bloody haid; an' jump offen de rock, an' end *de fisikal life ob de lowes' spessiment ob de human race; (Matt. 27:3-8.)* an crash out into eturnal midnight; whah no sta' ebah shines; no moonbeams ebah plays wid de angels; no rainbows ebah sends glory fru de sarkle ob de earf; an' moanin' an' sighin' am all de musick he will ebah heah fur all eturnity!

Kin yo' all see de horrow ob dis tex'? "It wuz night." De rumblin's ob de volcano ob Jedgment raff am now soundin' in de ea's ob de sinnahs all obah dis worl'. *(Heb. 9:27.)* Am dey any sucksessahs ob dat motley Judas fambly in dis congregashun? Ef so, as de pastuah ob dis flock, Ah subjecks dis comman' frum dis pullpit as de shepa'd ob dis flock; arise an' relegate yo'se'fs frum dis 'semblage ob saints, an' unscramble yo' 'soshiashun frum de chilluns ob Zion frum dis instinck to

yo' dyin' day! *(Prob. 21:27.)* Abstrack yo'se'fs frum de pretensness ob civilashun, an' de remollments ob dis nashunality! None ob de Judas tribe kin jine dis flock; Ah dun excommunikakes de whole' Judas fambly frum dis congregashun! *(Neh. 13:1-9.)* So long as Ah am de pastuah ob dis flock; an' am certified to disgo'ge de Gospil frum dis pullpit, an' makes de offishuss pronouncements frum dis sanktuary, we will hab none ob dat tribe, breed er ancestahs ob de Judas fambly ruminatin' aroun' dis house ob God! *(Neh. 13:23-30.) Dis am de final langwidge; de die am dun cas'; de pitchah am dun broking at de founting; an' de wheel dun fell into de cistern! "Judas dun went out an' it wuz night!" (Neh. 6:10-14.)*

Oh ma brudren; dar am sinnahs heah tonight in dis congregashun who dun plan to go into debilment

frum dis place ob wo'ship. *(Ezra 7:26.)* Sech trash ob de debil am a vexment to de pastuah w'en he pou's his sole out into de cavo'tin fum dis pullpit to tu'n yo' all to de Lam' ob God; an' reskew yo' all frum de debil. *(Prov. 1:10-18.)* Yo' hea't seems to be lak flint-rocks, an' yo' necks am stubbo'n; ef de Sperit ob de Lawd am onsulted an' nebah call yo' agin'—den whah am yo' all a-gwine to hibernake fur eturnity? *(Prov. 1:22-23.)*

Oh dat Ah cou'd stan' on de walls ob Zion an' blow de trumpit so loud dat de tu'nips wou'd jump outen de groun' an' sinnahs wou'd run to de place ob pra'r; *(Ps. 55:23)* an' all de straglahs wou'd rampede frum de debil to de place ob salvashun in de fol' ob de Lawd. *(Prov. 3:33.)* Sum ob de cheef sinnahs am a-gwine to break loose frum ol' Bellzybug to-night, an' lan' safe in de Kingdum.

(Prov. 4:18-19.) Ah feels de rousements in ma sole; an' Ah am sho gwine to be heah to welkum de sinnahs; *(Prov. 8:13)* fur sum ob yo' all am jes' one jump ahead ob ol' Bellzybug right now; an' ef yo' got any sense lef' yo' all will amplikake de fasses' speedments ob yo' 'natomy an' make a 'scapement frum de debil; *(Prov. 9:10)* fur he dun kotch Cain, *(Gen. 4:1-16)*; Ahab *(1 Ki. 22:34-40.)* an Judas; an' dey all boas' dat dey wuz mi'ty speedashus! Chuze yo' all dis day; de debil an' da'kness; er de Lam' ob God an' bliss an' salvashun! *(Ez. 33:11.)* Ah kno's dat de mo'nahs am a-cummin'; plakake dese seats so sinnahs kin drap down heah an' pray! Brudren, abstrak yo'-se'fs frum dis amen-co'ah, an' git ready to fulminake de sinnahs wid good tidin's ob salvashun as dey cums.

(Acts. 20:26-38.) De bref ob Glory am beginnin' to surge fru dis house. De pow'ah ob de Lawd dun cum to reskew de los', an' Ah feels dat Heaben am jes about fo'ty feets above ou' haids! Streams ob me'cy am a-gwine to drownd sum ob yo' all wid joyfulness ef yo' don't watch out! 'Toxikake yo' souls wid de cup ob salvashun an' pass de cup along! *(Isa. 12:1-6.)*

Oh brudren, yanda goes Judas; Ahab; Bellzybug an' Cain ..all runnin to blackness an' gloom! Jesus am de light ob de worl'! (Isa. 60:1-5.)

(Note: The last statement was uttered in a dramatic and fearfully earnest manner. The powerful voice of the old preacher was raised to trumpet tones; and standing on tip-toes, he pointed toward the alley leading down to the lowest dens of vice in the river house-boats. The en-

tire audience arose, under great excitement seeming to expect Judas, Ahab, "Bellzybug" and Cain to be seen through the windows.)

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CHAPTER XV

Not 'Shamed ob de Gospil.

Rom. 1:16.

Ma brudren an' sistern: Ef dar am one tex' in de Holy Book dat putt de sperit lebel agin' yo' speritule 'natomy, an' lokalake all de kinks in yo' mo'al constitushun it am de tex' ob dis okashun! My tex' dun declar':

"Ah am not 'shamed ob de Gospil ob Chris' fur it am de powah ob God unto salvashun!"

Ah 'specks dat de bes' lubrikashun ob dis tex' am de one dat jes' natchelly oozes frum de spontanuss obahflowin' ob de hea't dat am filled wid de joy ob salvashun! *(Ps. 43:3)*

David dun pray fur de joy ob salvashun! (Ps. 51:10-13.) Ef de joy runs out; dar mus' be a seruss leak

in de speritule constitushun! *(Eph. 4:30-32.)* Joy am lak dynamike dat putts moshun into de system; an' perduces happyfying' gyrashuns amung de saints! *(2 Ki. 3:15-16)*

Dar am sum timid pussons dat am afeered to own der Lawd befo' de ongodly *(Phil. 3:7-14)*—but mos' ob de time ef peepuls am 'shamed to own de Lawd it am kase dar am secrit sin in de hea't! *(Rom. 1:16.)* Let me disseck dis tex' wid prospe'ity an' celackrity! *(Acts 17:10-12.)*

Am de chilluns 'shamed ob de violets? Am dey 'shamed ob de daisies? Am dey 'shamed ob de roses? Am dey 'shamed ob de lilies? *(Matt. 6:26-31.)* Am dey 'shamed ob de dog-wood bloomin's in de spring-time? Am dey 'shamed ob de mounting lawrel? Am dey 'shamed ob de roadydendrums? Am de sweet gals 'shamed ob de 'gagement rings? Am de bewtiful brides

'shamed ob de long white skeeternet veils? Am dey 'shamed ob de wed-din' dresses wid de long trails toted by de chilluns? Am dis worl' 'shamed ob de sun up in de heabens? *(Ps. 19:1-3.)* Am de moon 'shamed ob de sta's dat shines by night? Am de grass 'shamed ob de trees? Am de trees 'shamed ob de mountings? Am de creeks 'shamed ob de lakes? Am de ribahs 'shamed ob de oshuns? Am dis worl' 'shamed ob de bewtiful blue sky? Am de berds 'shamed ob de air dey flies amung? Am de rabbits 'shamed ob de clovah? Am de 'possums 'shamed ob de 'simmons? Am de Niggahs 'shamed ob de watah-millins? Am de lam's 'shamed ob der mammys in de fiel's? Am de clouds 'shamed ob de rainbows dat dey wea's on der shouldahs as dey sails away fru de sky? Am de ebnin' 'shamed ob de glowin' sunset? Am de mawnin'

'shamed ob de bu'stin' glory ob de sunrise? Am de angels 'shamed ob de sunbeams? Am de saints 'shamed ob de City ob Gol' in de Glory? Am de patriot 'shamed ob his flag? Am de Christian 'shamed ob de Cross? Am de saint 'shamed ob de Lawd? Am yo' all 'shamed ob de Gospil ob Chris'? *(Matt. 10:32-33.)*

Ah wants to bring dis queshun straight to yo' hea'ts so dar kin be no evadin' de issue! Dar am sum reason fur de kin' ob triflin' chilluns dat am 'shamed ob de Mammy dat gib dem berf! Dar am sum reason fur de triflin' hypokrits dat says dey lubs de Lawd an' den dey is 'shamed to own Him w'en dey is out whah de debil tries to bring reproach on His lubly Name! *(Matt. 12:30-32.)*

Sum ob de young Niggahs dat dun bin to skool tells aroun' dat ol' Unkle 'Rastus mout preach de Gospil; but he am not eddikated an' he

don' kno' much about scients an' foolosofy!

Ah nebah study de books about bottomy—but Ah dun foun' de Rose ob Sharon an' de Lily ob de Valley! *(Song. 2:1-2.)*

Ah nebah lucidated de books on estronomy—but Ah kno's dat de Sta' ob Bethleham dun riz an' pi'nt de way to de place whah de Lawd wuz bon'ed in de Mangah! *(Matt. 2:1-3.)* An' de Sun ob Rightusness will arose wid healin' in His wings! *(Mal. 4:1-3.)*

Ah nebah labrokake de books on gewology—but Ah dun foun' de Rock ob Ages dat clef' fur me! *(1 Cor. 10:4.)*

Ah am no good as a optishun—but Ah kno's dat oncet Ah wuz blin' but now Ah kin see—kase de Light ob de worl' am Jesus! *(Jn. 9:25.)*

Ah nebah study de books de doctahs dun screwtinake—but Ah dun

foun' de Great Physishun dat heal ma sin-sick soul! Halleluyah! *(1 Jn. 1:7.)*

Ah nebah go to de skool on agri-kultah—but Ah dun foun' de fines' ob de wheat! *(Ps. 107:9; Ps. 78:23-25; Ps. 33:19.)*

Ah nebah prospeck de worl' fur gol'—but Am am a-gwine to a City whose streets am puah gol'; trans-pa'ent as glass! *(Rev. 21:18-27.)*

Ah nebah kotch de crittahs in de seas dat grows de lubly pea'ls; kase a passel ob san' gits stuck in der backs; but de City whah Ah is head-ed fur has twelve gates all solid pea'ls! Oh ma brudren: dey mus' grow in de backs ob crittahs as big as Lookout Mounting! *(Rev. 21:21.)*

Ah has nebah bin axed to eat 'long wid de White-fo'ks up at de big house on de plantashun—kase dey is *ladies an' gemmens; an' dey isn't a-gwine to sot aroun' wid a passel*

ob Niggahs at der dinin' table—but ma brudren, de Lawd dun ax me to de marriage suppah ob de Lam'! Halleluyah! *Ah mout wait on de table ob de King! (Rev. 19:1-9.)*

As Ah has lubrikated dese trufes Ah feels dat yo' all kno's dat Ah is not 'shamed ob de Gospil ob Chris' fur it am de powah ob God onto salvashun! *(Lk. 9:23-26.)*

Sum ob dese days de Lawd am a-gwine to cum on de wings ob de mawnin' an' break loose all de glories ob Heaben on de sky! *(Rev. 1:7. 10-18.)* De Roarin'-Borealis will stop lak de ol' tame mewl an' wait fur de Lawd to gib His o'dahs to all de 'semblin sunbeams an' rainbows: an' w'en de sky am full ob de transgleamin's ob de presence ob de Lawd —de frunt gates ob Heaben will fly opun; *(Rev. 19:11-16.)* an' dar on His white hoss de King will cum at de haid ob de millions ob saints an'

angels an' de sun will git black in de face; *(Joel 2:27-32.)* an' de moon will look lak blood; an' de sta's will fall all obah de univuss; *(Matt. 24:26-31.)* an' de peepuls kin go out an' fill twelve baskets full ob de fragments ob de sta's dat dun git busted on de rocks an' mountings dat fall on dem low-down sinnahs dat crawl undah de crumblin' mountings to hide frum de glory an' raff ob de Lam'! *(Rev. 6:12-17.)* De hills will skip lak lam's; an' de trees will laff ontell dey shakes der leabes; an" de flowahs will 'splode de sweetes' fumigashuns dat ebah wuz splendorated on dis mul-vane atmusfeer! *(Ps. 16:6-8.)* Joy an' gladness will cum a skippin' fru de sky; an' peace will slide down de sarkle ob de univuss an' light right in de midlin' ob de worl'! *(Isa. 32: 13-20.)* De kings ob dis worl' will be a-scratchin' grabel to bring de glory an' honah ob der kingdums up to de

King ob Kings an' Lawd ob Lawds! *(Rev. 21:23-27.)*

All de saints ob God will fin' refuge in de shaddow ob His wings; an' He will kno' dem all by der new names; *(Rev. 2:17.)* an' de ma'k ob salvashun dat He putts on der haids! *(Rev. 3:12.)* Shout de praises ob yo' souls —ef yo' name am in de book ob Life! *(Rev. 3:5)* Feah an' pray ef yo' am one ob de black sheeps ob de debil! *(Ps. 9:17. 11:6. Rev. 20:15.)*

Sumtimes w'en Ah am loomigatin' de truf as Ah is dis mawnin'; Ah feels dat ma hide mout pop an' let me fly away to glory befo' Ah kin finish de message ob joy dat Ah disgo'ges frum de pullpit! *(2 Cor. 12:1-6.)* Ef Ah breaks all de cerements ob clay an' sweeps fru de Gates dis mawnin'; let dar be no regretments spessified by dis congregashun! But let de redeemed ob de Lawd say so! *(Ps. 107:1-10.)*

Dar wuz ol' Mistah Enock dat wawk wid de Lawd free hund'ed yeahs; an' den he riz up lak a berd ob pa'adise an' fly away to Glory! *(Gen. 5:18-24.)* Does yo' all 'speck dat he wuz 'shamed ob de Gospil dat cou'd lif' him obah de mountings; an' de sta's; an' de moon; an' de sun; an den lan' him at de frunt Gates ob Glory? No ma brudren! Enock wuz not 'shamed ob de Gospil!

Den dar wuz dat saint ob God de Profit 'Lygy. Sum fo'ks fink dat kase he gi'd up his l'ins, an' run down de mounting frum ol' Mis' Jezybell dat he wuz a cowa'd *(1 Ki. 19:1-8.)* Ah tells yo' all dis mawnin' dat he show mo' sense dat time w'en he run frum dat ol' painted-faced debil—dan he dun showed befo' in all his life! He got undah dat junipah tree an' moan an' cry to de Lawd; an' atah a few days de Lawd git de charyut all polished up; an' de hosses ob fiah all

curried up; an' he tell one ob de high-es' angels in all de Bright Angel Ban' to drive dat charyut straight across de sarkle ob de univuss, an' sweep fru de plantashuns whah de rainbows grow; an' den call fur a passel ob sunbeams to foller along; an' de lightnin' to lead de way; an' He pack a whirl-win' undah de backseat an' say: "Drive on"; 'kase He am send-in' fur de ripes' saint on de worl'; an' his name am de Profit 'Lygy! Jes' about dat time dar wuz ol' Mistah 'Lygy an' Mistah 'Lishy a-wawkin' along; an' 'Lygy say to 'Lishy—jes' to try him out to see ef he wou'd make a good profit—jes' as dey reaches Gilgal:

"Tarry heah; Mistah 'Lishy; kase Ah mus' go to Bethel—de Lawd dun sen' me dar!" *(2 Ki. 2:1-18.)*

But 'Lishy dun say:

"As de Lawd libeth; an' as yo' soul

dun libes; Ah will not leabe yo' all at dis place!"

Den 'Lygy dun say; as dey reaches Bethel:

"'Lishy abide heah at Bethel; kase de Lawd dun sen' me to Je'iko!"

Den 'Lishy dun say:

"As de Lawd dun libes; an' as yo' soul libes; Ah will not leabe yo' all heah!"

Den heah cum sum young profits to tell 'Lishy dat de Lawd am sho gwine to take 'Lygy to glory—jes' lak he did not kno' about dat. He tell dem to be silent!

'Lygy dun tell him to stay at Je'iko; but 'Lishy wuz not one ob de kin' dat gits disco'aged soon! So he tells him dat he am sho gwine to stick right by him to de en'! Dat am jes' de way de Lawd want him to prack-tilake. So dey cums to de Jurdun; an' 'Lygy dun wrap his mantle up an' smit de watahs; an' dat stroke dun

cut out a trail cl'ar acrost dat stream; an' dey goes obah; an' wawks along a while; den 'Lygy say:

"'Lishy; w'at yo' all wants me to do fur yo' befo' Ah sails away to Heaben!"

'Lishy dun ax him fur a double po'shun of de Sperit ob de Lawd dat res' on him; an' 'Lygy dun say dat wuz a ha'd fing to ax; but ef he sees him w'en de charyut swings low den de powah will fall on him in de ol' time way! Brudren, does yo' all 'speck dat 'Lishy went to huntin' grasshoppahs right den an' dar? Did he look fur 'possums er sweet-tatahs? No! he keep his optikashun sha'p on de Profit 'Lygy. Dar wuz humility in de reques' ob 'Lishy! Dar wuz no presumpshun as sum peepuls say; kase he ax fur a double po'shion ob de Sperit. *No brudren; he feel dat*

w'ile one po'shun wuz enuff to keep 'Lygy on fiah—it wou'd take twicet as much to keep him goin' right! He kno' how triflin' mos' fo'ks am.

All on a suddint dem profits wuz separated an' hosses ob fiah dun swang between dem; an' de charyut ob fiah crope into sight; den ol' 'Lygy step up into de charyut an' a whirlwin' swep' fru dat lan' an' away went de sweet saint ob de Lawd to de Gates ob God! Oh ma brudren; does yo' all 'speck dat 'Lygy wuz 'shamed ob de Gospil?

Let me make ma las' wo'ds plain an' strong! Ef Ah nebah preaches no mo'; ef Ah nebah lubrikakes one mo' tex' frum de blessed book! Ah wants to sign ma name to dis compack! AH IS NOT 'SHAMED OB DE GOSPIL OB CHRIS'! *Ah is 'shamed ob de failin's ob ma life, an'*

de sins ob ma hea't—but Ah feels dat Ah is undah de Blood ob de Lam'! An' am not 'shamed to own Ma Lawd!" (Rev. 12:10-11.)

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STATEMENT OF FAITH

Covering the Doctrines Believed and Preached by the Old-time Orthodox Negro Preachers

BY

DR. FRENCH E. OLIVER

1. WE BELIEVE the Bible is the verbally inspired Word and Revelation of God. Inerrant, infallible and God-Breathed. Ps. 19:7-11. 2 Tim. 3:16-17. 2 Peter 1:16-21. Lk. 24:13-28. John 16:12-16. Jonah 1:1.

2. WE BELIEVE in the Deity of Jesus Christ, His Virgin Birth, that He is the incarnation of the Father, the Very God of Very God, for Whom and by Whom all things were created. John 1:1-14. John 14:9. Isa. 7:14. Matt. 1:18-25. Man is not an evolved beast—but a fallen Creation. Gen. 1:26-27. Gen. 2:7. He can only be recreated in righteousness in

Jesus Christ. 2 Cor. 5:17. Tit. 3:4-6. John 1:12-13.

3. WE BELIEVE in the personality of Satan, "that old serpent, called the Devil and Satan which deceiveth the whole world." Rev. 12:9-10. Matt. 4:2-11. Isa. 14:12-17. John 8:44.

4. WE BELIEVE in the substitutionary atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ; that He by the grace of God, tasted death for every man, and that all must be born again or be forever lost. Heb. 2:9. John 6:44-69. John 3:1-18.

5. WE BELIEVE in the Physical Resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ and that He ascended bodily into the Heavens and is now at the right hand of God as our Mediator, Priest and Advocate. Acts 3:12-26. John 20. Heb. 9:24. I Cor. 15:12-28.

6. WE BELIEVE in the universality and exceeding sinfulness of sin. Ezek. 18:4. Rom. 3:10-26. Rom. 6:23.

7. WE BELIEVE in the Triune God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, Three Persons. 1 John 5:1-8. John 16:7-15. The Holy Spirit is the Infallible Interpreter of the Infallible Bible.

8. WE BELIEVE in the great evangelistic commission of the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. That they are to baptize believers into the Name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Matt. 28:16-20. Acts 1:8.

9. WE BELIEVE in the Kingship of Jesus Christ. Rev. 11:15. Rev. 19:11-21. I Thess. 1:9-10.

1. That He must come for His Living Saints and raise those saints who have fallen asleep in death. 1 Thess. 4:13-18. 1 Cor. 15:50-55.

2. That he must come with his saints to execute judgment upon the ungodly nations. Jude 14:15. Matt. 25:31-46.

3. That He will cast the

Anti-Christ and the False-Prophet into the Lake of Fire, and send Satan into the abyss and will establish His Earthly Kingdom, and reign one thousand years. Rev. 19:19-20. Rev. 20:1-6.

4. That after the earthly reign of one thousand years, He will bring all the wicked dead to the Judgment of the Great White Throne. Rev. 20:11-15. Matt. 7:21-23. Then Satan will be cast into the Lake of Fire. Rev. 20:10.

10. WE BELIEVE that Heaven is a place of Eternal Blessedness, and that Hell is a place of Eternal Suffering. 2 Cor. 5:1-10. Rev. 20:1-15. Rev. 21. Rev. 22.

11. WE BELIEVE that all regenerated people are baptized into the Body of Christ by the Spirit. 1 Cor.

12:13; and in the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Rom. 8:14-27.

12. WE BELIEVE that all followers of the Lord Jesus Christ must maintain good works. Eph. 4:1-32. Titus 2:1-15. Titus 3:1-11.

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